SCREENLAND

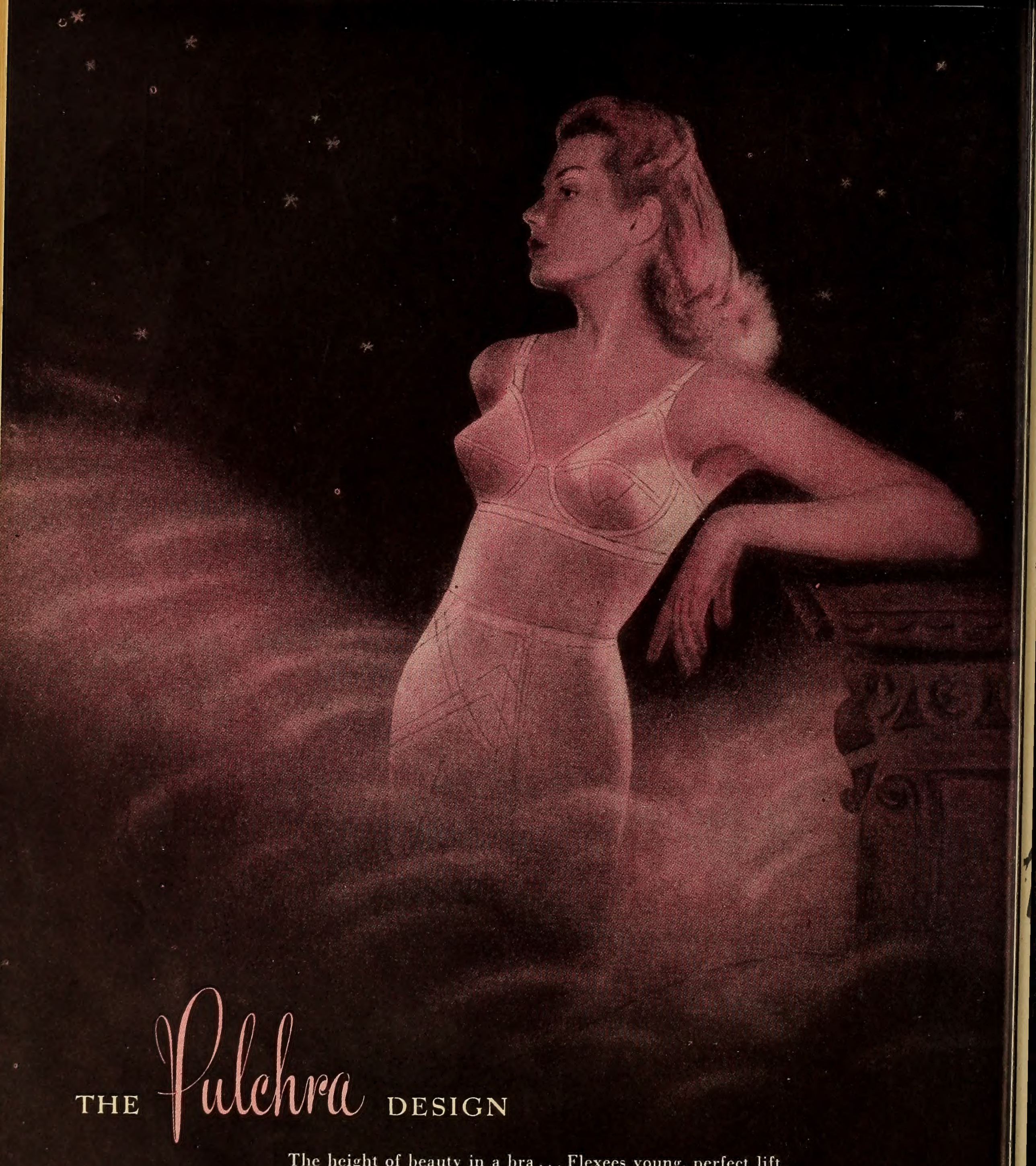
October
15¢

INSIDE

Hollywood's Social Circle

by COBINA WRIGHT

Bogart and Bacall



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"There's your man, Sis— 238,857 miles away!"

GIRL: And that, my half-pint pest, is about as close as I get to *any* man *any*where.

CUPID: Maybe you should make like those stars, Sugar. They're practically cuddling your moon-man. But, of course, they *sparkle.*

GIRL: I get it. All but one teeny-weeny point—just how do I put sparkle in this 5-watt smile of mine, Mr. Smarty-Pantless?

CUPID: I'll tell you, glum one. But first . . . see any "pink" on your tooth brush these days?

GIRL: Uh-huh, and blue skies and red sails in the sunset and . . . what's my tooth brush's color scheme got to do with my smile?

CUPID: Only just about everything, Miss Ignorance of 1947. That "pink" is a sign to *see your dentist.* Quick. Let him decide what's the matter. May be simply a case of today's soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

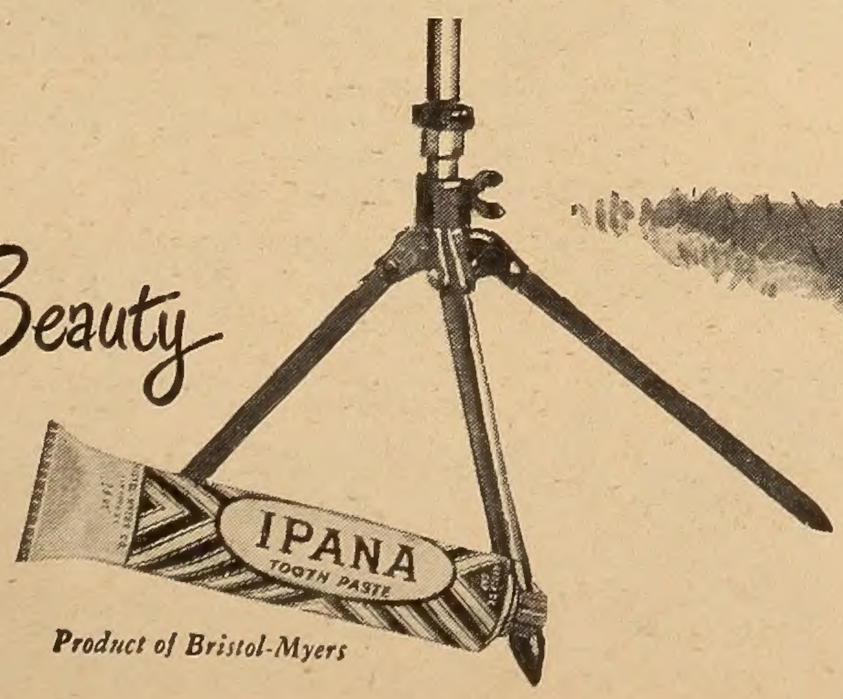
GIRL: *Smile* . . . remember, urchin? . . . it was my smile we were yappity-yappiting about. Where'd it go?

CUPID: This way: A sparkling smile depends largely on healthy gums. So-o-o, if your dentist advises massage—that's for you. 9 out of 10 dentists *do* recommend gum massage . . . regularly or in special cases, according to a recent nationwide survey. And this same survey shows they prefer Ipana Tooth Paste 2 to 1 for their own personal use.

HOW TO MASSAGE YOUR GUMS. Gently massage at the gum line, always keeping fingertip in contact with the tooth surface. It's at the gum line, where teeth and gums meet, that so many troubles start—where gentle massage can be so helpful. Between regular visits to your dentist, help him guard your smile of beauty.

Ipana

For your Smile of Beauty



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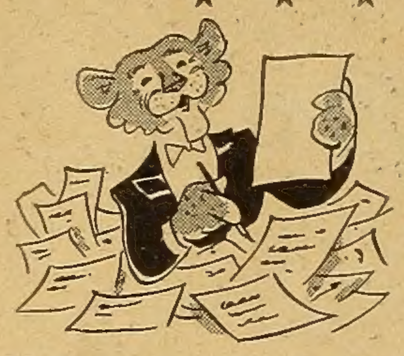
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Every few years we get the Ten Best craze. You know—What ten books would you like to take to a desert island? What ten films? What ten girls?

★ ★ ★ ★



The last time we had it was when "Mrs. Miniver" was released. Everybody sent in his or her ten-best list.

★ ★ ★

Now we've got it again. We've seen M-G-M's "Song of Love" and we're going to tell you about it. In turn, when you've seen it, we want you to tell us.

★ ★ ★ ★

We want you to list the TEN BEST LOVE STORIES EVER PRODUCED. And then we want to see where you classify "Song of Love".

★ ★ ★ ★

To us, "Song of Love" is the ten most exciting love stories melted into one. It's almost the story of love itself—the kind of love that sings in the heart.

★ ★ ★

Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker are in it. Katharine plays a gifted piano virtuosa; Paul and Robert are two young composers. For her ears both wrote immortal music; for her heart both would have given their lives.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M has caught the tenderness and the joy, the inspiration and the intimate details of their three-way friendship. Caught them, and set them to unforgettable music.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a wonderful supporting cast: Leo G. Carroll, Henry Daniell, Henry Stephenson, and others.

★ ★ ★ ★

Clarence Brown, who brightened your life with "National Velvet" and "The Yearling", is both director and producer. Ivan Tors, Irmgard Von Cube, Allen Vincent and Robert Ardrey did the screenplay.

★ ★ ★ ★

You're invited to send in your list of love stories to Leo, c/o M-G-M, 1540 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. We want to hear from you—whether you include "Song of Love" or not.

★ ★ ★ ★

We think you will.

—Leo

P.S.: A few titles to get your "Song of Love" started:

A Farewell to Arms	Jane Eyre
A Guy Named Joe	Kitty Foyle
Camille	Mrs. Miniver
Cavalcade	Random Harvest
Dark Victory	Rebecca
Flesh and the Devil	San Francisco
Gaslight	Seventh Heaven
Gone With The Wind	The Philadelphia Story
It Happened One Night	White Cliffs of Dover

SCREENLAND

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★ ★ ★

On Our Cover: Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart, co-stars of Warner Brothers' "Dark Passage." Color portraits by Richee.

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

They're playing that "10 BEST" *game again!*

Everyone's listing the Screen's Most Exciting Love Stories! Try it! It's fun!

★ **To help get your list started, here are some all-time great love stories from M-G-M:**

"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"

"SAN FRANCISCO"

"GONE WITH THE WIND"

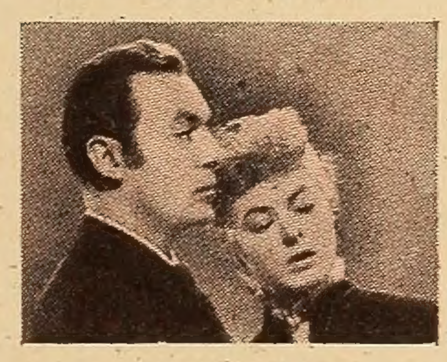
"THE PHILADELPHIA STORY"

"MRS. MINIVER"

"RANDOM HARVEST"

"A GUY NAMED JOE"

"WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER"



"GASLIGHT"

Yes! We could go on . . . but you get the idea! Get up your list of 10 favorite Love Stories . . . and send it to M-G-M, 1540 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. We want to hear from you!

M-G-M presents

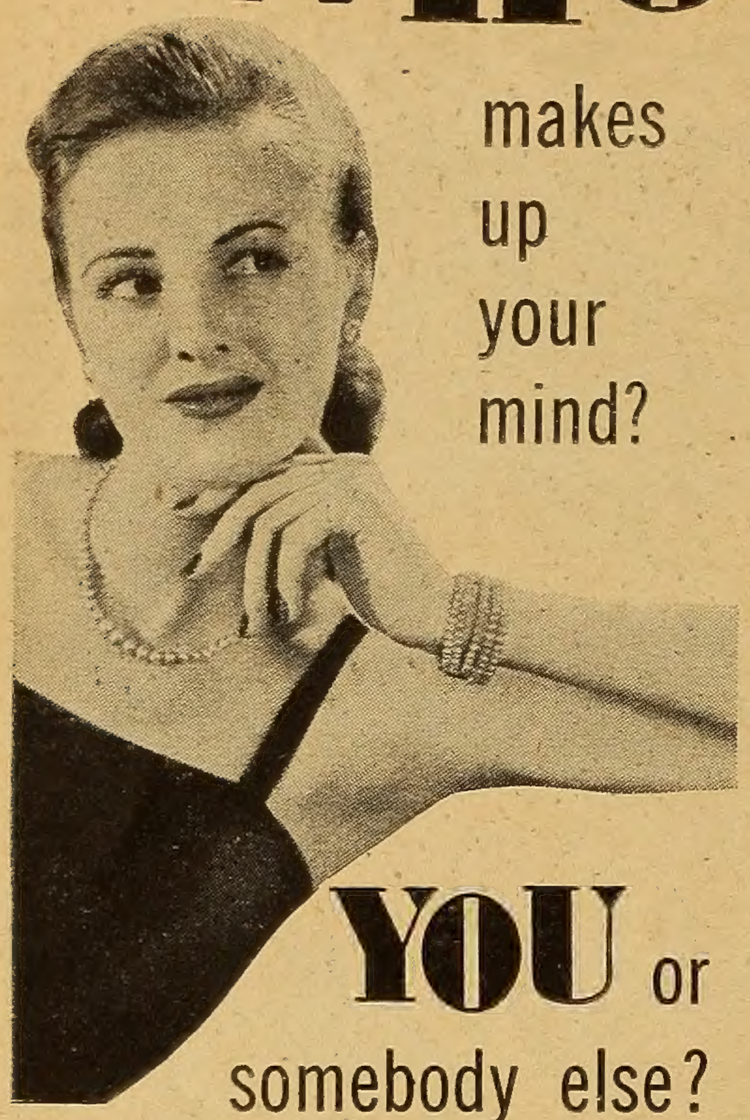
KATHARINE HEPBURN · PAUL HENREID · ROBERT WALKER

Song of Love

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION with LEO G. CARROLL • HENRY DANIELL • HENRY STEPHENSON

Screen Play by IVAN TORS, IRMGARD VON CUBE & ALLEN VINCENT & ROBERT ARDREY • Produced and Directed by CLARENCE BROWN A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

WHO



makes up your mind?

YOU or somebody else?

Every woman who discovers Tampax through this advertisement will probably be very glad she acted for herself instead of waiting for other women to lead the way.... Make up your own mind! Start right now to use this Tampax method of sanitary protection, which does away with belts, pins and external pads. . . . Tampax is a simple internal absorbent, invented by a doctor. When in place, it is neither seen nor felt!

Tampax is intended for use on every one of those "less pleasant" days of the month—and the difference it makes is *real*. No bulk to hamper you or show an edge-line under dresses. No extra warmth in overheated or crowded rooms. No worry about odor because odor cannot form.... Made of pure absorbent cotton, each Tampax is compressed in an applicator for easy insertion. Quick to change; and so small it is discreetly managed in restrooms; readily disposed of.

Get Tampax this very month. At drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Hot from Hollywood

Bob Hope, his wife Dolores, and their two children return in fine trim from a vacation trip to South America where Bob made more friends for Hollywood—and Bob Hope. Bob's latest picture for Paramount is "The Paleface," with Jane Russell.

LAUREN BACALL loves her Bogey man, but she still makes him take a shower outside, when he comes home after working on "Treasure of the Sierra Madre." Director John Huston (realist that he is) spends all his spare time scooping up dirt and rubbing it all over his actors. As Bogart puts it: "We may not be the best actors in Hollywood, but we're the dirtiest!"

RUMOR has it that Sonny Tufts and Paramount are parting company. "Blaze of Noon" was his last picture, and at this writing nothing seems to be lined up for him. In the meantime, Sonny couldn't be more sunny. He evidently knows there are offers from other studios pending—just in case.

WHEN Mark Stevens was the unknown Stephen Richards at Warner Bros., he played a bit with John Loder in a picture called "In Our Time." Hedy Lamarr visited John on the set, watched the scene and predicted a brilliant future for Mark. Now he's a star and separated from Annelle Hayes. Hedy's divorcing John Loder. Mark's first date as a "free lance" was with Hedy! Time takes care of everything in Hollywood.

IF LANA TURNER was a fabulously rich woman, she couldn't have afforded to hire the "clown" who entertained little Cheryl Christine's friends at her birthday party. The "clown" (complete with red wig and putty nose) who donated his services was Tyrone Power. Lana's little daughter is still too young to fully appreciate her social triumph.

ANTHONY QUINN and his lovely, talented wife, the former Katherine DeMille, are superb in "Black Gold." Before they previewed their picture, they took over the famed Farmers' Market and threw a supper. All booths were open. Guests could order anything from shrimp to spumoni. Real Indian braves in full costume were hired for local atmosphere. The ones at the table next to us were eating chop suey and drinking sodas.

WHO would you like to see in the title rôle of "Harvey"? The choice has narrowed down to Jimmy Stewart and Bing Crosby, both of whom are interested in portraying the man who sees a big white rabbit upon occasion. Don't write to us, put in your plug with William Goetz at Universal-International, who will produce the picture.

SHE WAS SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

GARY COOPER · PAULETTE GODDARD

in Cecil B. DeMille's

UNCONQUERED

Color by TECHNICOLOR

with HOWARD DA SILVA · BORIS KARLOFF · CECIL KELLAWAY · WARD BOND

Produced and Directed by Cecil B. DeMille

A Heart As Fiery As Her Crimson Tresses... The Most Desirable Prize In All This Fabulous Continent... *Bought* By The Most Dangerous Man Of Those Dangerous Times!

Screenplay by Charles Bennett, Fredric M. Frank and Jesse Lasky, Jr. • Based on the novel by Neil H. Swanson • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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ROARING OUT OF THIS VALLEY OF VIOLENCE!!

A kiss from a stranger led to strange dangers! Here's adventure to thrill ---and love to enthrall!

IDA LUPINO
DEEP IN LOVE!

DANE CLARK
DEEPER IN DANGER!

WAYNE MORRIS
BORN FOR VENGEANCE!

Warner Bros. Present

"DEEP VALLEY"

WITH
FAY BAINTER • HENRY HULL

DIRECTED BY
JEAN NEGULESCO

PRODUCED BY
HENRY BLANKE

SCREEN PLAY BY SALKA VIERTEL AND STEPHEN MOREHOUSE AVERY FROM THE NOVEL BY DAN TOTHEROH • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS

America's Most Beloved Comedy

Clarence Day's

LIFE WITH FATHER

ON THE SCREEN IN TECHNICOLOR!

starring

WILLIAM POWELL ★ IRENE DUNNE

with

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

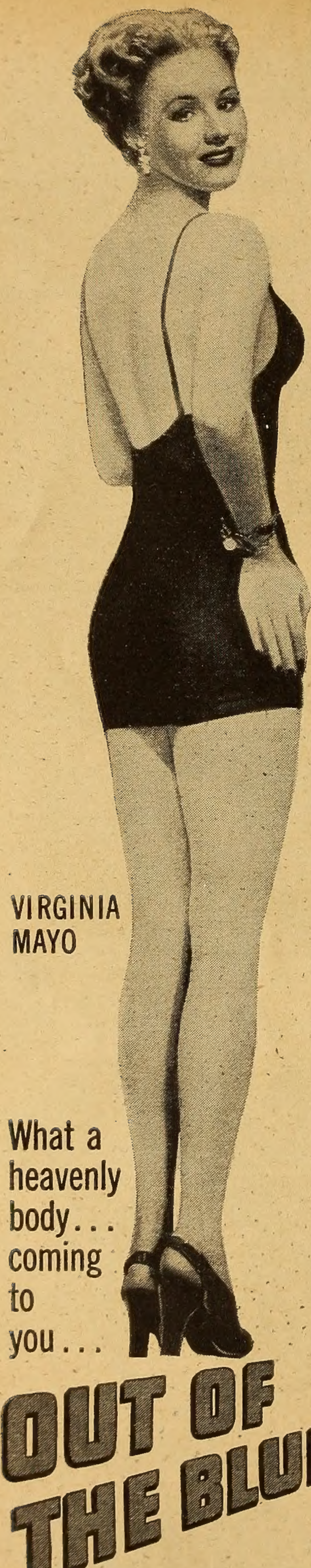
EDMUND GWENN · ZASU PITTS

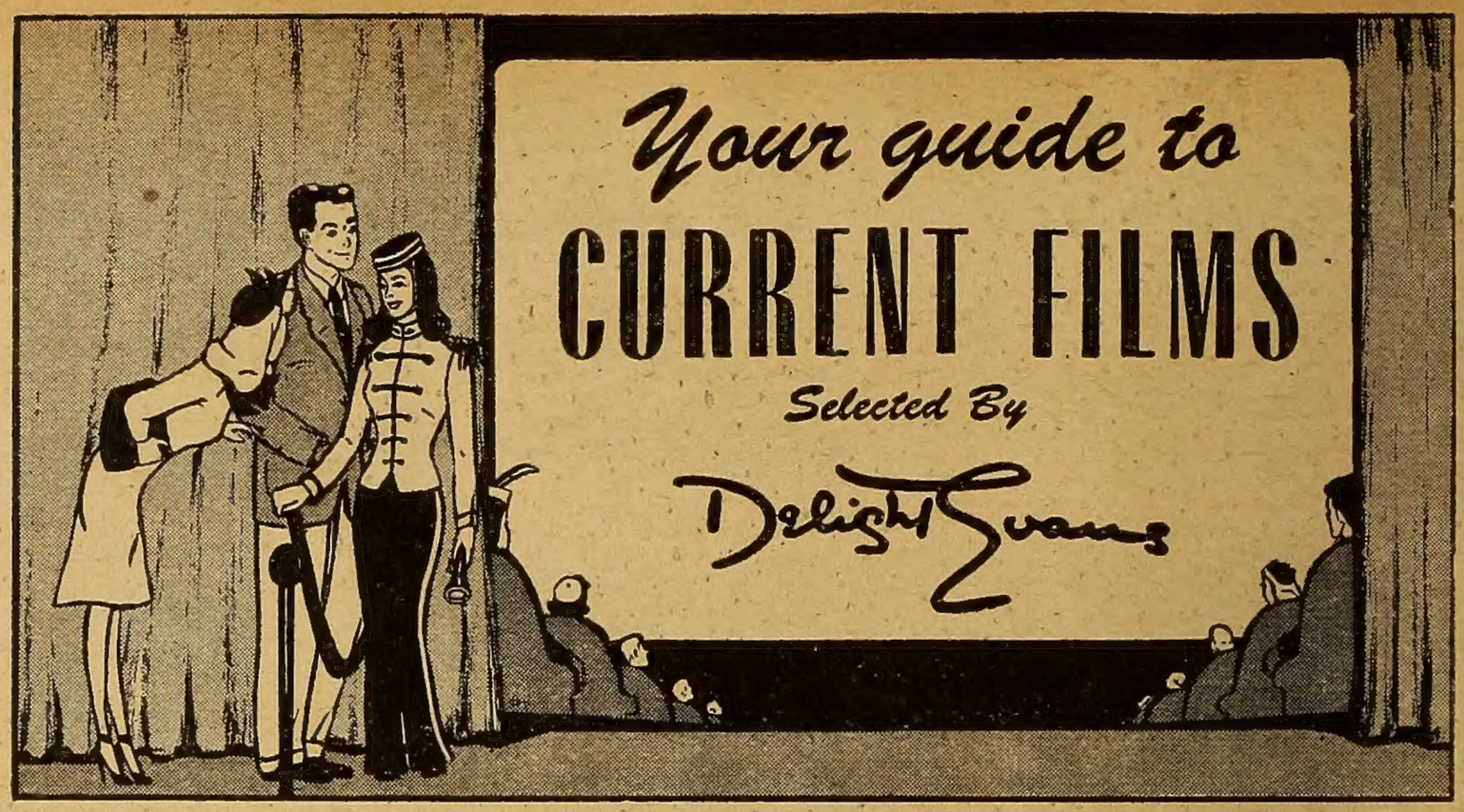
From the original play by
HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart
From Oscar Serlin's Stage Production
Music by Max Steiner

Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ

Produced by
ROBERT BUCKNER





THE HUCKSTERS

MGM

★

CROSSFIRE

RKO

★

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW

20th Century-Fox

★

HER HUSBAND'S AFFAIRS

Columbia

Here is the Clark Gable picture we've all been waiting for since his return from the war. Based on the Frederic Wakeman novel, it's better than the best-seller, showing the star in admirable stride as the virile, sophisticated, sharp-apple of the radio advertising field, complete with romantic sidelines, involving the patrician Deborah Kerr, as the English widow, and the gorgeous Ava Gardner, as the nightclub chanteuse who'd like to be more than his pal. Satire takes a terrific swing at moronic radio commercials and the personalities responsible for them—in this case the eccentric soap tycoon (a dynamic performance by Sydney Greenstreet) and his fear-inspired satellite, Adolphe Menjou, as the nervous, ulcerous agency executive. For drama it's grand, but most of all it's Gable as we like him.

There are no punches pulled in this frank thesis on intolerance, anti-semitism and all the other anti's and hates too numerous to mention, embodied boldly in this exciting murder mystery. It will jar even the most complacent out of their isolation—to praise or denounce this picture in vociferous terms! Besides that, however, it presents a bang-up thriller, with the killer roaming at will among his soldier-buddies, while the case against him is being clinched. That makes for plenty of suspense. Spearheading the fine supporting cast are Robert Ryan, in a grimly compelling performance as the hate-ridden killer; Robert Mitchum, lending his well-known cynicism to a G.I. rôle, and Robert Young as the astute detective captain, who proposes a daring ruse to apprehend the killer. Altogether a powerful, controversial and vital movie.

Joe Howard is the man who's responsible for making the title song a hit back in 1906. Producer George Jessel, June Haver, Mark Stevens, Reginald Gardiner, Martha Stewart, Lenore Aubert, a grand cast and technical crew are responsible for making the Technicolorful musical based on the composer's life a thing of glorious beauty and rhythm. There's nothing like the old songs as they were sung in the good old days. Mark Stevens' performance as Joe Howard is tremendously appealing, and luscious Martha Stewart, as the headliner who recognizes his talent, has a song-selling style as effective as a younger Ethel Merman's—and the gal can act, too! June Haver, playing Mark's "adopted" sister and romantic interest, is delightful. Perhaps there's nothing new in the plot line, but talent is tops.

Lucille Ball and Franchot Tone, co-starring in this hilarious husband-and-wife-comedy, revel in the zany situations the scripters foist on them And so will you, as you watch them extricate themselves from the various and sundry predicaments revolving around the invention of an embalming fluid which becomes in turn a shaving lotion, a hair restorer, and a flower petrifier. There's no earth-shaking message here unless you can read special significance into the subject of the clever wife's meddling in her husband's affairs to save the big dope from business failure—and the electric chair. Edward Everett Horton, as advertising executive, Mikhail Rasumny, as mad inventive genius, and Gene Lockhart, as a busy business dynamo, offer wonderful caricatures.

IT'S *Heaven* ...

The kind that will sweep you from head to heart! It's the wonderful love of a lifetime!

AND ALL THIS

TOO!

The gun-spitting, side-splitting kind . . . with the skies the limit for action!

Oh-h-h that "Mr. Mike"! He's an angel with angles . . . and some very down-to-earth ideas!

You'll see strange things that happen here . . . things that are out of this world—and no fooling!

THIS IS AN *Experience...*

. . . An experience that perhaps only four other motion pictures in history have ever given you!

SEYMOUR NEBENZAL *presents*

ROBERT CUMMINGS · BRIAN DONLEVY

in "HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS"

with MARJORIE REYNOLDS and Bill Goodwin • Edgar Kennedy
Stuart Erwin • John Litel
and JORJA CURTRIGHT

Screenplay by Art Arthur and Rowland Leigh

Produced by SEYMOUR NEBENZAL • Directed by ALBERT S. ROGELL • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

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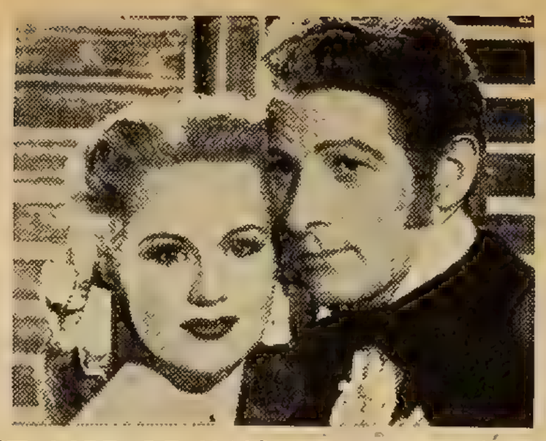


SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY—Goldwyn

If these reviews were wired for sound, all we'd have to do would be to put on a laughing record for the reading time, let you listen and find out for yourself what we think of "Mitty." We're still laughing, and you'll join in when you see this picture, the sooner the better. Here's a legitimately funny show, sumptuously produced—or hadn't we mentioned that it is a Samuel Goldwyn production? As an editorial worker whose day-dreams interfere with his efficiency, Danny transports himself into exotic adventures where he always meets up with the same gorgeous blonde, Virginia Mayo. Imagine his surprise when, comparatively wide-awake, he really meets her, and she leads him into hair-raising escapades from which he emerges a real, not an imaginary hero. James Thurber dreamed up something wonderful when he wrote the original story of this comedy masterpiece. Danny Kaye makes his dream come true.

SOMETHING IN THE WIND—U-I

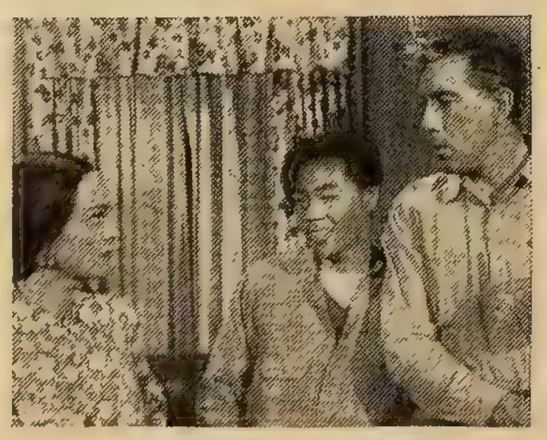
If you've been wondering, "Why doesn't Deanna Durbin grow up?" here's your answer. Deanna really acts her age in the bright and breezy rôle of a girl disk jockey who, through no fault of her own, gets involved in the private affairs of a rich and social family—they think she's an unscrupulous wench; she thinks they're selfish snobs—and so they are, until the son and heir is seriously smitten with the Durbin charms and love, as usual, finds a way. Deanna, in a slinky black sequin gown, will surprise you with a racy ballad, "You Wanna Keep Your Baby Lookin' Right," one of six musical numbers showing off her fine, rich voice. Donald O'Connor is back, brash and clever as ever; Jan Peerce, famous opera star, joins Deanna in an amusing and melodious sequence; John Dall, that memorable actor of "The Corn Is Green," plays the stuffed-shirt scion as if he'd been seeing too many Jimmy Stewart movies lately.

HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS—U. A.

Robert Cummings' guardian angel to Brian Donlevy's Western style gambler is a neat setup along the *Mr. Jordan* lines to which you will add your sheckels with great pleasure. Though the theme isn't new, there is enough variation to hold your interest. Bob's problem in this Seymour Nebenzal production is the adjustment of a bookkeeping" error in Heaven. Donlevy should have had an honorable profession and a happy home, so Bob, to correct his error, introduces him to the good-looking schoolmarm, Jorja Curtwright, and referee's his fights with rival villain Bill Johnson. Tops for fanciful fun.

MERTON OF THE MOVIES—MGM

So suppose you were disappointed in "The Showoff" (not that we blame you). Here's a brand new exhibition of the weird and wonderful Skelton humor, a re-make of that old classic of the country bumpkin who crashes Hollywood—and *this* one is funny. Aiming strictly for broad laughs, it hits the bulls-eye, especially in Red's colossally corny movie début, his kissing lesson with Virginia O'Brien (and there's a gal who finally comes into her own as a terrific comedienne) and Red's excursion into amour with pert Gloria Grahame. Skelton of the movies proves he's still a very funny guy, when he isn't held down by a plot.



BLACK GOLD—Allied Artists

The performance which Anthony Quinn gives in this Cinecolor drama of the race horse, Black Gold, definitely proves that this fine actor has been hidden too long in inconsequential rôles. Here he breathes a vital life into the illiterate Indian to whom horses and hunting in the great expanses of Oklahoma are of paramount importance. He's one happy Indian, unusually talkative, until oil operators make him a millionaire. Katherine DeMille (Mrs. Anthony Quinn) as his wife, and Ducky Louie, as the Chinese adopted son, are colorful characters.

WYOMING—Republic

The blonde loveliness of Vera Ralston (in two rôles—first as the wife of Wyoming Territory pioneer, William Elliott, and then as the daughter) goes a long way in balancing interest in the rough and ready action of ranchers and nesters in 1870. Violence also finds an outlet when the cattlemen hire outlaws to war on the nesters, led by Albert Dekker, who's also playing a little game for his own evil benefit. However, romance comes to town in the smooth personality of John Carroll, as the honest lawyer, who makes fast work of righting wrongs.

LANA TURNER

CLARK GABLE

DEANNA DURBIN

HUMPHREY BOGART

Fans' Forum

PADDED PICTURES

First Prize Letter
$10.00

Don't you think that it is about time for motion picture producers to stop padding their pictures with closeups of beautiful actresses or handsome actors? I, for one, am sick and tired of forking over my good money to sit and stare at a face when I could sit home and stare at the same face on a SCREENLAND cover for much less.

If you can remember back to "Saratoga Trunk," you may recall that much of the action of the original novel was deleted in order to show Miss Ingrid Bergman's pulchritudinal qualities. After all, we know she is photogenic.

In a recent picture featuring Jean Pierre Aumont, we were not only honored with dozens of closeups of his admittedly perfect profile, but a reflection from a mirror gave us a full-face view at the same time. Honestly, if I had not seen him in "Cross of Lorraine," I would wonder if he had any acting ability at all.

Closeups are fine when people are speaking or embracing, but when you have to figure out what emotions those quizzical expressions are trying to convey, it really gets discouraging. Closeups also slow a picture up, causing the audience, especially the youngsters, to become bored and restless and noisy.

Thanks for giving me an opportunity to air my views. Pictures need more action—much more!

EVELYN M. SMITH, Springfield 5, Mass.

FARM "GLAMOR"

Second Prize Letter
$5.00

I wonder what would happen if screen writers would write some honest-to-goodness, down-to-earth scripts about life on the average farm? And by the average farm, I don't mean the huge ranches of the west, but the thousands of little farms of 40 to 160 acres, like mine. I'd just like to see these writers try to glamorize life on these farms, and stick fairly close to the truth.

Pep Talks

Letters from Forumeers this month show a great urge to prod producers into new trends of movie making. The voice of the movie audience *will* be heard. What do you have to say about pictures, and the personalities who make them your number one entertainment? Write it all down and send your letter to Fans' Forum now! Monthly awards for the best letters published: $10.00, $5.00 and five $1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

If there is any glamor in getting out of bed around 4 a. m. in the morning, 7 days a week, 52 weeks in the year, and starting to work, and I *do* mean work, from the time you shuffle into your clothes until you pull them off at night, I've still to see it, and I've been a farmer's wife for 15 years.

I'd like to see our screen writers "glamorize" milking from one to ten cows by hand, twice a day, helping to repair broken fences, plowing, sowing, reaping, keeping a fairly clean house, baking, cooking, taking care of the children, etc., practically every minute of your waking hours. If they can show any glamor in all these tasks, then they are magicians, indeed.

I like glamor, "make-believe," etc., in my pictures just as much as anyone could like them, but when I see the way they are worked into movies that depict the average farm life, I have to grin or grimace—depending upon the mood I'm in—because they are so obviously unreal. (But I wish farm life was the way screen writers show it!) They build it up wonderfully, but actual experience lets it down terribly.

MRS. ALEXIA A. ALLEN, Reinersville, Ohio

BOGART'S BONER

$1.00

Oh, Bogey, you've broken my heart! It was such a blow to see my favorite he-man

(*Please turn to page 77*)

A Feminine Weapon

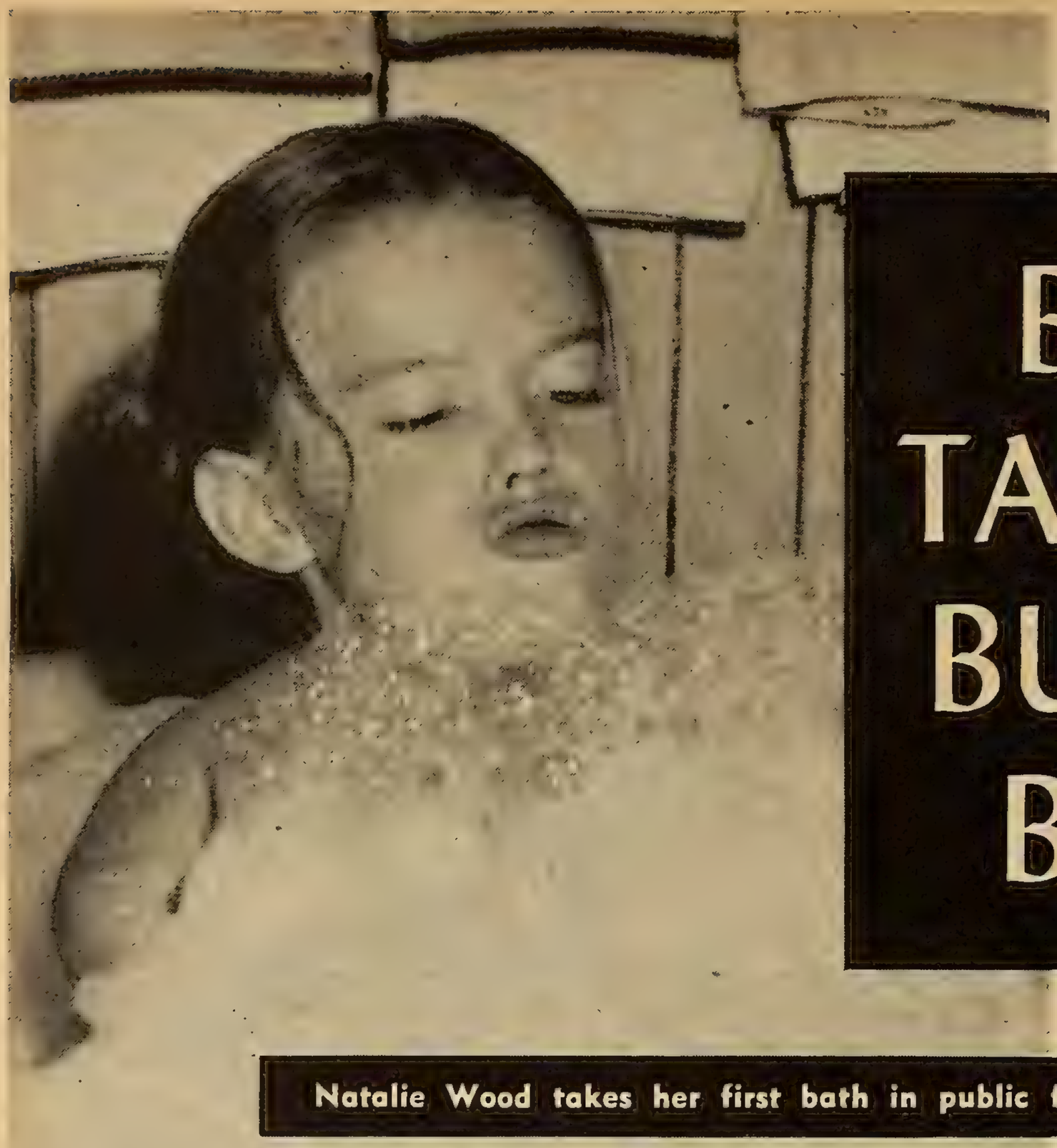
In emergency, DeLong Bob Pins have been used as letter-openers . . . door keys . . . paper clips—but that's not why women buy so many of them. Smart women who pride themselves on being value-conscious *and* well-groomed, know there's nothing like the DeLong Bob Pin, with its Stronger Grip, for keeping your hair-do neat from morning 'til night . . . They've learned that it's foolish to buy poorly made bob pins that slip out, when they can get the extra-strong, extra-snappy DeLong product everywhere. Just remember—

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

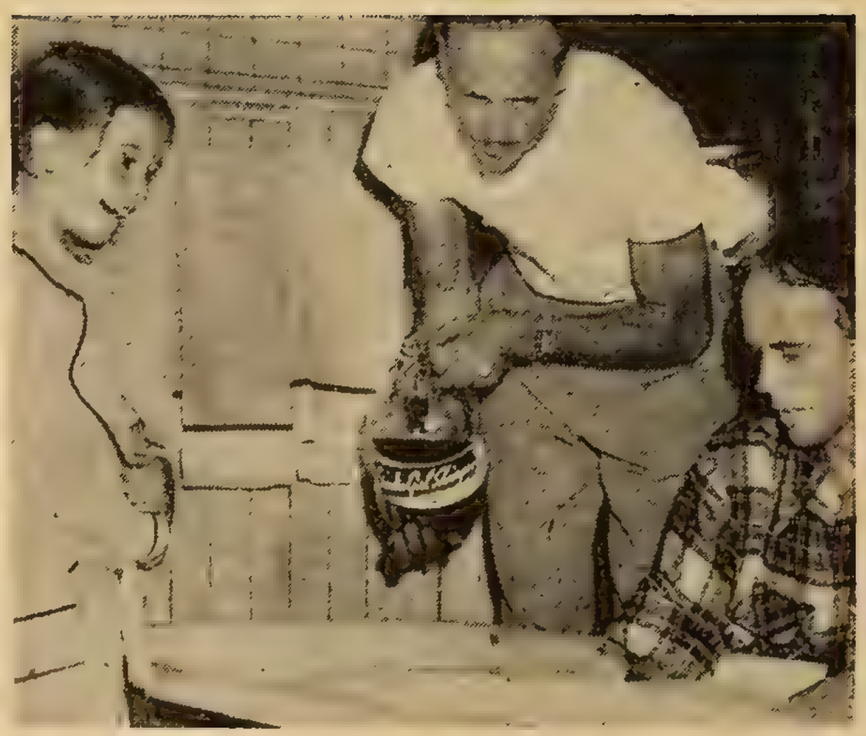
Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SNAPS PINS SANITARY BELTS



BABY TAKES A BUBBLE BATH

Natalie Wood takes her first bath in public for Republic's "Driftwood"



Sensational kid star of "Miracle on 34th Street" discards bubble gum for bubble bath! Discovered by director Irving Pichel, 7-year-old Natalie now earns more than a thousand a week. She considers movie acting fun

Grown-up stars such as Paulette Goddard go in for bath-tub sequences, but it's something new for a tot like Natalie Wood. Candid photos taken at Republic Studio during filming of "Driftwood" show the little actress watching as prop men prepare bath. Temperature, and suds, must be just right, so valuable kid star won't catch cold and hold up production. Famed character actor Walter Brennan, right, has job of washing Natalie's ears, to usual accompaniment of squeals from the victim.

Love-quiz... For Married Folks Only

WHY IS HE WRITING TO ANOTHER WOMAN?

A. Her husband's cooling love . . . his apparent disloyalty . . . may be largely her fault. She may have become neglectful of proper feminine hygiene.

Q. Can such neglect affect married happiness?

A. Doctors say many wives kill romance this way . . . stress that intimate daintiness demands effective douching. For this, you can depend on "Lysol" brand disinfectant.

Q. How does "Lysol" rate among other disinfectants?

A. Less "Lysol" is more effective than many other, weaker antiseptics. "Lysol," a proved germ and odor killer, is effective not only in the test tube but in contact with organic matter.

Q. How about homemade solutions—like salt, or soda?

A. No weak, makeshift solution can compare with "Lysol" for cleansing effectively.

ALWAYS USE "LYSOL" in the douche. See what a difference complete daintiness makes in renewed charm and married romance.

Check these facts with your doctor

Many doctors recommend "Lysol," in the proper solution, for Feminine Hygiene. *Non-caustic*, "Lysol" is *non-injurious* to delicate membrane. Its clean, antiseptic odor quickly disappears. Highly concentrated, "Lysol" is *economical* in solution. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution.

For Feminine Hygiene—always use

"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Lehn & Fink, Dept. S.-4710, 192 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J., for frankly informing FREE booklet

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

Copr., 1947 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

In Hollywood or Hoboken people will judge your disposition by the way you smile. Your smile is the true meter of your personality

By Claire Finucane

How's Your Smile?

HAVE you ever stopped to consider how important your smile is? Few of us do until we meet some super lass, who just naturally hogs the limelight for men because, for some reason or other, her smile gets 'em. No doubt you'll say at this point that some girls are born with fetching grins while others just aren't. And you're right about that. But (there's always a "but," you know), there are lots of things that you can do to improve that smile of yours.

Let's assume that your smile isn't just what you want it to be. First of all, you may be slightly self-conscious without realizing it. You may worry more about how you look and act than you do about enjoying yourself. All this shows in your smile, believe it or not, because it's strained when you're uneasy, and relaxed and lovely when you are sure of yourself. The best way to overcome self-consciousness is to become interested in what goes on about you—people, their habits, their dress, their conversation and *(Please turn to page 76)*

Gleaming teeth are a "must" so Audrey takes care of hers.

Smiling for the birdie is Audrey Totter who's in MGM's "The High Wall."

You can't get away with it, Lady!

INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF?... LISTERINE, Quick!

MAKE a habit of using Listerine Antiseptic and massage as a precaution. And if infectious dandruff does get started, remember to use Listerine Antiseptic and massage regularly. Listerine Antiseptic attacks an infection as it should be attacked... with germ-killing action . . . kills millions of the "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale). This is the ugly little germ that many noted dermatologists call a causative agent of the trouble.

You'll like Listerine Antiseptic for infectious dandruff. It's so easy, so freshening, so delightful . . . so cooling. Almost at once you will see ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear.

Remember, in a clinical test, twice-a-day use brought marked improvement to 76% of dandruff patients within a month. Your scalp feels so much healthier, and your hair looks so much more attractive.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Missouri

THE TESTED TREATMENT

maddening kisses—
stopping her cries—stopping her breath!

Too much between them for anger!
Too much between them for love!
Emotion as violent as the era
that spawned them!

The pages of a best-seller pour their violence and excitement onto the screen!

The Foxes of Harrow

20th CENTURY-FOX

Starring **REX HARRISON · MAUREEN O'HARA**

with **RICHARD HAYDN · VANESSA BROWN · VICTOR McLAGLEN · PATRICIA MEDINA**

GENE LOCKHART · CHARLES IRWIN · HUGO HAAS · DENNIS HOEY

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL · Produced by WILLIAM A. BACHER · Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock
Based on the Novel by Frank Yerby

Broadway cheered James Stewart in "Harvey" when he stepped into the rôle for a seven weeks' run. Only Ingrid Bergman has made such a hit with the hard-to-get New York audiences. Movie audiences will be seeing Stewart soon in RKO's "Magic Town," and eventually may see him repeat his "Harvey" hit rôle on the screen.

The Editor's Page

AN OPEN LETTER TO JIMMY STEWART

DEAR JIMMY:

Well, have you made up your mind? What do you want to be, a flat actor or a round actor? When I asked you, you said you didn't care which, flat OR round. In other words, you didn't much care whether you were a film (flat) or a round (stage) star as long as you had a good part. But I'm wondering if you have changed your mind since your great hit in "Harvey"? After all, you've been a big screen star for years; but never before have you sampled the adulation that only comes to a round actor—that is, the actual cheers of the first-night audience, the crowds waiting at the stage door to see you come out, and the critical acclaim of the toughest press in the world, the New York drama reviewers. It's the thrill of a lifetime, isn't it? And you're the first Hollywood actor it has ever happened to. Only Ingrid Bergman in "Joan of Lorraine" has ever done it before. A movie personality making a bid for New York applause has got to be twice as good as an established stage star, because New Yorkers just automatically look down their noses at upstarts from Hollywood. When they love you in New York, you're sensational. So when you stepped, all six-feet-three-inches of you, into the shoes of Frank Fay to play the difficult role of the lovable dipso that Fay had made his own, and created an entirely different but, to my mind, just as ingratiating characterization, you proved that thirteen years of Hollywood "slavery" (with time out for a war) can't hurt but can even help a good actor. Now when you go back to the movies after your seven weeks on Broadway, are you going to miss the cheers and the crowds? Will you decide that there's no substitute for a live audience? Just don't forget, please, that we in the movie audience have our feelings, too. Remember that when we see your new picture, "Magic Town," we'll be applauding, even though you can't hear us.

Delight Evans

Clark Gable

Gable and the Gals

Any age, they go for Gable! Above, Ava Gardner enjoyed her work with Clark in "The Hucksters." So did Deborah Kerr, top. Three-year-old Diana Perrine, upper left, is the pet of the Gable set.

What's Gable got that other men haven't? Ask the girls, they know!

By Paul Marsh

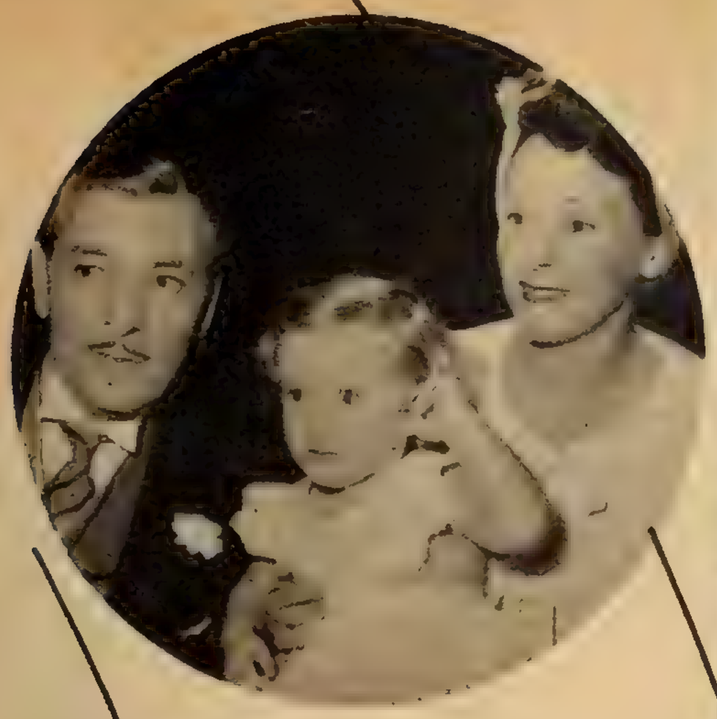
HAVE YOU ever tried to find out what makes a really interesting guy tick, only to discover that when you get him off to a quiet corner for a pleasant chat, he has little or nothing to say on the subject of himself? Your particular man may easily be one of the most colorful figures in the motion picture business, and his past activities may be exciting enough to fill a half-dozen best-selling thrillers, but when you shoot a personal question or two at him, he goes mum.

Such an enigma is a guy named Clark Gable! Since Gable won't talk Gable, you do the next obvious thing—you ask his friends. Perhaps it's the best way, after all, because friends have a way of discerning a lot of things about you that you yourself don't even suspect. Sure, we'll grant you that a man of Clark's caliber has a right to balk at the process of extolling himself, but let's get going in the right manner with the explanation that he doesn't do it from some strange sense of false *(Please turn to page 62)*

Of the Beverly Hills set: Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Brisson (Rosalind Russell).

Now you have the entrée to Hollywood's real inner circle! Only a famed social leader of Cobina Wright's standing can give you such authentic reports of exclusive parties and exciting events in the film colony. Follow this new feature, of which this is the first article, in every issue from now on for first-hand news and intimate gossip of cinema city's social life by this charming and gracious authority

SCREENLAND is proud to present distinguished socialite Cobina Wright, who will take you inside Hollywood's social circles in a series of exclusive articles, of which this is the first.



The Ronald Colmans, leading members of the British group.

Van and Evie Johnson, of the Bel-Air set.

Famous hostess, whose New York salon attracted the crème de la crème of the international set, Mrs. Wright has chosen Hollywood as her home because it has become the gathering place of outstanding personages of the social and artistic world. Mrs. Wright will take you readers to the screen colony's most amusing parties and important social events in these pages every month.

INSIDE Hollywood's Social Circle

by COBINA WRIGHT

HOLLYWOOD'S social circle isn't the vicious circle that it is frequently reported to be. I told SCREENLAND'S editor, Delight Evans, on a recent trip to New York.

Delight and I had been having a chat about events in filmland and the number of interesting parties I had been attending when she suddenly said, "Cobina, why don't you write a monthly review of Hollywood gatherings for our readers? You know all of the 'party lines'! You have given some of the most successful parties yourself. You have entertained royalty and been feted by the most famous people. Now your Hollywood functions are even more glamorous and talked about. No one is a better authority on social doings in Hollywood. Why don't you tell our readers about what goes on each month?"

I chuckled over the compliment, but I said I wasn't sure just how to go about it, because society in Hollywood is entirely unlike society anywhere else. It's not like the old international set, nor does it limit itself to the narrow and snobbish confines of New York's antiquated "400" list.

"You know, Delight," I said, "I think, rather than furnish a guest list and describe a party, it would be more fun to invite SCREENLAND'S readers to come with me. Each month, let me 'take' them to an Atwater Kent party, a soirée at Gladys Robinson's, or a barbecue *(Please turn to page 60)*

THE LOVERS OF "ATLANTIS"

Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont, co-stars in reel and real life.

The Aumonts co-star for the first time on the screen in "Atlantis," a fantastic romance of the legendary lost continent. Left, a scene from the U-I production.

The sultry Montez has just three great loves in her life—her career, her child, and most of all, that man, Jean Pierre Aumont

NOT EVEN the fantastic, incredible and utterly genuine Maria Montez—more dramatic in every moment of her real life than in most of the walk-around-and-look-sexy rôles she has adorned in Technicolor—can now or in the future be mentioned all by her luscious self. There must always be in the picture, too, her husband, the dashing, handsome-in-a-stern-yet-debonair-way Jean Pierre Aumont, idol of French film fans and receiver of more mail from movie-goers—considering the few screen appearances he has made here—since the first arrival in the United States of that other French idol, again entertaining us, Maurice Chevalier.

All Hollywood, as well as theater-goers throughout the country, has waited for these two to work together in a picture. Reason? The reason, for eagerness in Hollywood, is simple. No one who knew the magnificently and healthily self-centered Maria in her early days around the film capital could visualize a man who would be able to take Maria's mind off wonderful (*Please turn to page* 69)

Maria *and that Man!*

By Lupton A. Wilkinson

IRENE DUNNE, one of our distinguished Star Advisers, sounds off on interesting question.

Presenting Screenland's Star Advisers

Discussing the question,

"Have Bobby-Soxers Become Rude, Ill-Mannered Pests?"

Forum Conducted by Jack Holland

GLENN FORD, above, with Rita Hayworth, Columbia's "Lady from Shanghai"; below, SHIRLEY TEMPLE, on set with husband John Agar; right, ROBERT CUMMINGS with Pom-Pom in Nebenzal's "Heaven Only Knows."

HOLLAND: We've a new member on our board this month, folks, our first guest star. As you know, Linda Darnell went vacationing in Europe, so we sent out an invitation to one of Hollywood's loveliest stars to join us. To you, Maureen O'Hara, welcome! Let's hope you're in an argumentative mood. We're really going into a subject this time: the status quo of bobby-soxer fans. From the reports we've read recently of stars having their clothes torn off and even being injured by overly-excited fans, this seems a dynamite-laden problem. So, do you feel these cases of ill-mannered fans are the exception, or the rule? Since you're our guest, Maureen, we give you the floor first.

MAUREEN: I've been reading what the rest of you have said in past issues of SCREENLAND and I know you don't pull punches. So I won't either. For my part, I've noticed that kids recently are much more polite than they once were. I think the blame for the ill-mannered exhibitions, however, lies with the few. I

BOARD OF ADVISERS:

IRENE DUNNE

ROBERT CUMMINGS

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

GLENN FORD

MAUREEN O'HARA

don't believe we should brand all of the bobby-soxers because of the actions of a handful.

IRENE: I, too, agree the rude bobby-soxer is the exception. At least, none has been rude to me. I think stars who complain about autograph fiends shouldn't go to places where these boys and girls are. My whole reaction to this problem, however, is one of pity. I feel sorry for these kids. I've seen them standing in all kinds of weather late at night waiting for autographs and my heart goes out to them. And I feel even more pity for them when, after you've given them your autograph, they say, as some have said to me: "This is the eighth I have of you." I feel this pity because it seems a shame they have no older person interested enough in them to help them and show them how foolish their actions are.

SHIRLEY: I think bobby-soxers are all right, individually. It's when people, young and old, get in a crowd that the mass hysteria seizes them.

GLENN: For my money, bobby-soxers aren't nearly as rude and as insulting as are the older people. I've had adults drive up alongside my car and act more adolescent than *(Please turn to page* 86)

Your famous star advisers have chosen a lively topic for their frank discussion this month. They want you to suggest their future subjects. So let's hear from you! What interesting and timely topic do you want them to talk about next? Remember, they pull no punches when they assemble for these round table sessions. They battle it out like the open-minded, intelligent citizens they are. Come on, folks, join in these worthy discussions. Send in your questions now!

Guest star, Maureen O'Hara, co-starring with Rex Harrison in "The Foxes of Harrow," above, for 20th Century-Fox, adds her opinions to stars' discussion. Right, Irene Dunne in RKO's "I Remember Mama," with Philip Dorn. Below, left, director Reis instructs Shirley Temple and Cary Grant between scenes of "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer" at RKO; center, Robert Cummings, Seymour Nebenzal, producer of "Atlantis" and "Heaven Only Knows," play host to Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont; below right, Glenn Ford greets Brenda Marshall when she visits her husband, William Holden, on "The Man from Colorado" set at Columbia.

"The Body" Hasn't Gone to Her Head!

Because, you see, Marie "The Body" McDonald also has a brain—a good one, which she uses

By

Ben Maddox

Branded as "The Body" when she first appeared on the screen, above, Marie McDonald lived up to the title, and still does. But now she's an actress as well, and since her rôle opposite Gene Kelly in MGM's "Living in a Big Way," she's set for a bright new career. Lower right, with shoe king Harry Karl, her big heart interest.

MARIE McDONALD may be newly married to her millionaire when you read this. As we went to press it seemed a sure bet. They've had a date every night for the past ten months, excepting the six weeks she was away in Las Vegas getting a divorce from her first husband. She had separated from him three months before she found her right romance with Harry Karl, the smart young shoe king. If Marie has eloped by now with this business man she definitely prefers above all other gentlemen, you can count on one thing. She's entering her second marriage with her eyes wide open, and she's giving it everything she's got. From any angle, that's plenty.

No truer words can be spoken about Marie than these: *Her body hasn't gone to her head!* Being labeled "The Body" brought her nationwide attention. "I'm tired of that publicity stunt," she told me at MGM. "It worked, as that gag apparently always does. But any more of that is old-hat where I'm concerned!" She remembers being advised that it was a good idea away back when she was only two years old; Clara Bow was helped to fame then by being branded the "It" girl. When Marie was a sophomore in high school Ann Sheridan was successfully skyrocketed; they spelled the tag "Oomph" that time. As soon as fans and producers noticed her sufficiently, Ann maneuvered out of such blatant emphasis on sex-appeal and into a substantial rating in Hollywood. "And that," said Marie firmly, "is my intention, too! They may still stick that title on me for a while, but I've already put in a solid year's work on my new deal at this studio. I'm trying like the dickens to learn to act. Even a blonde can act when she's given the chance. Judging from the opportunities I'm promised here I think my nickname is going to fade clear out of people's minds before long."

While carefully effecting her transition to accomplished actress, Marie is shrewdly taking it *(Please turn to page 83)*

Star of Columbia's "Lady from Shanghai," photographed by Coburn.

OCTOBER
Sun Mon Tue Wed Thu Fri Sat
1 2 3 4
5 6 7 8 9 10 11
12 13 14 15 16 17 18
19 20 21 22 23 24 25
26 27 28 29 30 31
Girl of the Month: Rita Hayworth
If you, like Rita, were born in October, chances are:
Nine is your number,
Tuesday your day,
Wear color red, and
You'll have your own way.

His romantic past and adventurous present are only a prologue to an exciting future in the stranger-than-fiction life of this fascinating Englishman

By Dora Albert

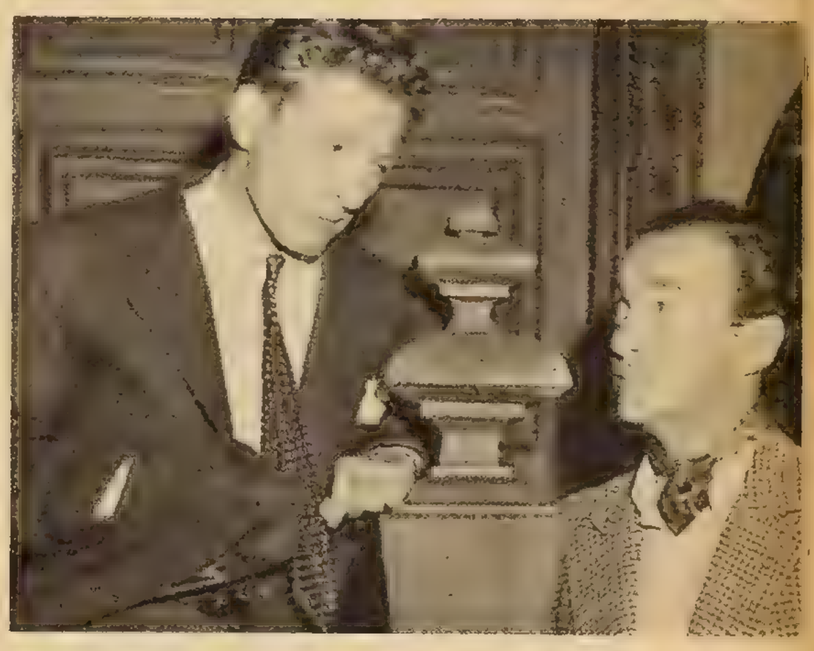
IF YOU want to see with a man's eyes and feel with his heart, you must go to his home. It's true of all of us that the homes we ourselves furnish become gradually the expression of our personalities. And that's even more true than usual of David Niven. For his white and Mediterranean pink home on the Pacific Palisades near Santa Monica Beach is a complete reflection of his past and present. I knew I was lucky when I was told that I could interview him there, but I didn't know how lucky till I saw the house itself and its contents. "During the war," he told me, "my wife and I collected what furniture, china and glass we could, and since we had no home then, we stored everything. Later I had everything we'd collected sent here."

Here in this home are the brightly striped sofas typical of the Regency period; here is a mahogany table beginning to chip a little because of the change of climate; here, facing an authentic fireplace, which warms up the entire living room, are pole screens which belonged to the Hope collection of Regency furniture. And here are a historic knife and fork which belonged to Bonnie Prince Charlie —and which a Scotsman, who was a close friend of the Nivens, gave to James, the younger of David's two small sons.

The paintings in the room are an expression of David's past and present, too. Always he has searched for what is fine, good, antique and novel. You look admiringly at a painting on glass; then your eye is caught by the strangest painting of all—one that looks a great deal like those visions of people you sometimes catch in a mirror of distortions at an amusement park. You wonder for a moment who that odd egg-shaped man in one of the portraits can be. David then brings the painting over to a mirror, explaining as he does so, "It dates back to 1710. They don't do that type of thing any more now," and you discover that reflected in an ordinary mirror, the distortions of that strange painting become perfectly correct lines of a conventional portrait of Richelieu.

The books on the shelves are a part of David, too. There aren't very many modern best sellers among them. Instead, you find Conrad, Dickens, and Thackeray, his favorite authors; and among the moderns, C. S. Forrester, who wrote "The Ship" and "Flying Colors." (It's typical of David, you see, that he loves books about the sea and adventure.) David's favorite book is illustrated with humorous sketches which remind you of Dickens-like characters, yet it's not another Dickens book; instead it's "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour" by R. S. Surtees—a book that's a well-loved classic among Englishmen fond of hunting, a subject with which it deals humorously.

About a year ago David Niven bought from Vicki (*Please turn to page* 78)

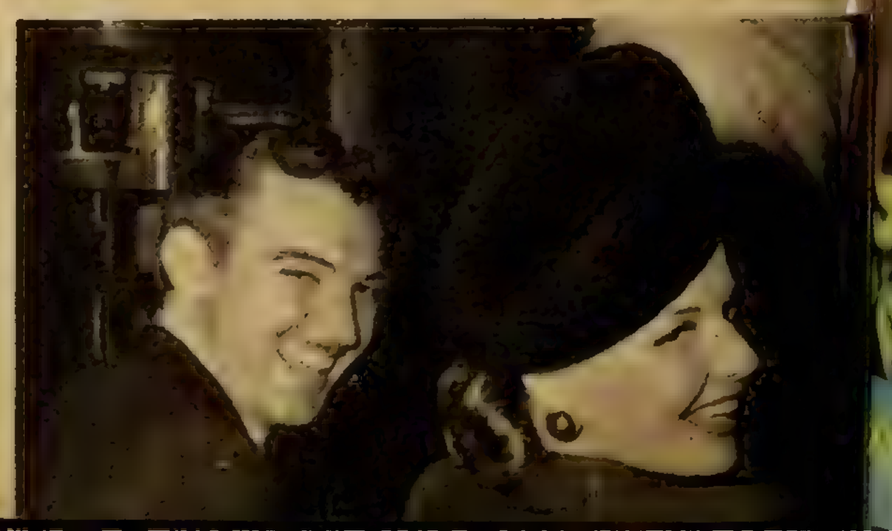


"I don't like to talk much about my children," says Niven. "An actor should decide whether he is going to be a professional actor or a professional father —and I certainly don't want to be a professional father." Above and below, with David, Jr., four, and James, one year old. Right, Niven's new rôle in Goldwyn's "The Bishop's Wife"; and an on-set closeup with Danny Kaye.

WHAT'S NEW with David Niven?

DARK ANGEL

Guardian Angel Madge Hall, above, helped and inspired Zach Scott and his family. Below, Scott with Alexis Smith and Dane Clark in Warners' "Whiplash." Bottom, with co-star Ann Sheridan of "Unfaithful" fame.



Believe in guardian angels? Zachary Scott does, and with good reason. Proudly we present one of the most heart-warming true stories ever to come out of Hollywood

By Jerry Asher

TO THOSE of you who believe in guardian angels, this story is dedicated. Zachary Scott believes. His wife Elaine, and their daughter Waverly, believe. Even Jingo, their fantastic French poodle, believes. They all especially believe in their own particular guardian angel—who happens to be very much alive!

Her name is Madge Hall. It was nearly nine years ago when she first came into their lives. Without her help and friendship, the Scotts still might be back in Greenwich Village—still struggling to find their place in the small corner of the world dedicated to the theater. Awed by the big city and more than a little frightened, Zack and Elaine literally prayed for someone to help guide their destiny. And guidance came from the warm heart and kindly understanding—of a negro maid.

"Madge gave us our very first *(Please turn to page 79)*

YOU'LL SEE A DIFFERENT DEANNA DURBIN IN SOMETHING IN THE WIND

HISTORY

Movies are making history a living, breathing thing! Brilliant actor-producer Fairbanks reveals how painlessly, and accurately, Hollywood educates and entertains us. Do you agree with Doug, Jr.? Write in, let us know your views

I'VE ALWAYS enjoyed history. It has never been a dull, remote, ponderous subject to me. But I know there are a lot of people, a lot of students now going to school, who regard history as a dull bulletin board of facts. When was the battle of Whatnot? Who was the King of England when Columbus dis-

Chip-off-the-old-block Fairbanks is producing and starring in "The Exile" for Universal-International release. Of course, it's an historical subject—but done up in a pretty package with such added decorations as Maria Montez, discussing wardrobe with Doug, Jr., above; and new blonde Paule Croset, at right with Fairbanks and visitor Ronald Colman.

the Easy Way

By Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

As told to Alyce Canfield

covered America? When did the gold standard become the medium of exchange, and when did it go off? Or did it? Furthermore, I'm sure a lot of you are saying, "And what's more, who cares?"

Because too many history books contain only a recital of wars waged, laws passed, and kings crowned. The drama, the reality, is lost in a maze of names and dates. That's unfortunate. Because history is a tremendously engrossing subject. There is no novel so absorbing, no play so dramatic. The story of Joan of Arc? That isn't fiction, remember. Joan lived and died. That's history. And the fantastic character of Rasputin? He wasn't the product of some playwright's imagination. He lived, spreading his frightening and terrifying credo throughout the Russian court. No Boris Karloff creation is as terrifying as the stories of the Mad Monk. That's history.

But it isn't easy for students who have to memorize dates by the gross to regard history as colorful or romantic. History doesn't often come alive on the pages of history books. That's why I think movies are doing such a wonderful job today. They are making history a living, breathing thing: absorbing, all-engrossing. Suppose the life and times of the era of "Forever (*Please turn to page 73*)

FRED ROBBINS

Right off the Record

Take it slow, Flo, this mellow fellow called Robbins is in the know! He'll send you with his appealin' spielin' anent bloop-bleep beats and valid ballads. Give him a question—watch for his answer

Ginnie Powell, the thrillin' thrush with Boyd Raeburn's band, with Fred, m.c. of Columbia's short, "Thrill of Music."

Boyd Raeburn, leader of top band of year, his oboe, and Fred, popular disc jockey, are featured in musical short. Don't miss it!

GREETINGS, gate! Got your head on straight? Well, we've got a date—so let's percolate!

Whew! And some long whistles! Dig that foliage! What a time of the year, dear! *Quelle* colors! Almost as many as there are fresh waffles in the everlovin' oven! And these cookies run just as wide a gamut of the spectrum as the leaves do, Sue. Just pass me the peanut brittle and we'll exchange further munches on the problem. *Alors!*

HEAVENLY!

DINAH SHORE AND FRANK SINATRA: No, I'm not just whistlin' Dixie. Georgie's gal and Nancy's daddy together on one etching! Double bubble inspiration! Picture Dinah on Frankie's knee and you get "Tea for Two," and two for tea, and this record for you and me. Cream and sugar with mine, please! And you too, Dinah, you little cupcake! Then, you bite into t'other side of the wafer and D. and F. put the cup and saucer down and lock arms for Rodgers and Hart's "My Romance." And all the loot from the sale of this 'un goes to *(Please turn to page 66)*

Hi, Red!

Fine way to greet British beauty Deborah Kerr; but after seeing her in "The Hucksters" with Clark Gable, we love that gal! Watch for her next in MGM's "If Winter Comes," with Walter Pidgeon

The Look and the Leer keep house as contentedly as any two kids with a brand new doll house. Don't believe it? Come and call on Bogart and Bacall

By

Hattie Bilson

GET A LOAD of this! Bogart and Bacall playing house, on their own private hilltop, in the sweetest set-up you ever laid eyes on!

White farmhouse . . . picket fence loaded with daisies . . . ducks and chickens in the back yard . . . a dog named Harvey . . . ruffled curtains at the windows—it's all there, clean and shining as a linoleum ad.

Here the Look and the Leer keep house as contentedly as any two kids with a brand new doll house. Bogey, who would say "Isn't she wonderful?" if Lauren dragged home a wooden Indian and planted it in front of the hand-carved fireplace, takes great pride in showing off his wife's home-making talents. Furnished with Early American antiques there is none of that careful-don't-sit-on-that-chair sort of nonsense about the place. Tables are large and practical; chairs and couches luxuriously comfortable. Happiness bounces off the walls at you.

Out of all this domestic peace and joy has arisen a curious problem. Lauren Bacall is probably the only Hollywood star who worries about being too happy. "How can I look tormented or wicked on the screen when I feel so *good* inside?" demands Lauren. While home and marriage come first, she takes her career very seriously. Seated in a Warner Bros. projection room with Bogey, viewing their latest co-starring film, "Dark Passage," Lauren watched her own performance with anxious eyes. "I look too darned happy there," she moaned. Then to

Our Cover Stars at Home

Bogey's amusement, "Do you think I look sexy enough?"

Lauren, the taunting blonde witch created for "To Have and Have Not," bears little resemblance to the down-to-earth young woman called Betty by her friends. Betty's wardrobe consists mainly of tailored suits, slacks and blouses. No hats, no gowns, no frills. She's a girl with a rollicking sense of humor and a deep appreciation of basic values. "Bogey and I are lucky to have everything we want—a beautiful home, a fine boat and each other."

Recently Bogart and his lady gave the customers at Romanoff's a rare treat. Not that the film crowd had never seen a movie star in a slinky dress and a mad hat before. Seductive females are the rule rather than the exception in moviedom. Only this was Betty Bacall, the slacks and sweater gal, making with the sex appeal, hips swaying, head tilted, the Look in her eyes!

When the Bogarts reached their table the Mark Hellingers, with whom they were dining, frankly exploded with laughter. "What an entrance, Betty," applauded Mark. "Just like in the movies."

"I put her up to it," bragged Bogart. "Had to prove to Betty she can get away with it off-screen as well as on. The clothes are from studio wardrobe. Okay, Baby, you've proved your point. You can relax now."

But Baby refused to relax. Without changing her sultry expression she muttered through her teeth, "The show must go on, kiddies," and hung on to her pose. The Hellingers and Bogey spent the rest of the evening trying to "break up" her act. Without success. Not until they were homeward bound did Betty push back her hat, kick off the high-heeled shoes and crow, "How'd I do?"

"You're wonderful, Betty," said Bogart. Which is what he always says anyway.

Unlike most Hollywood couples the Bogarts prefer working on the same picture. "We get up at the same time, drive to the studio together, get home at the same time and have all our meals together. Makes life a lot less complicated," observes Bogey. "And Betty is my favorite leading lady."

"The ad- *(Please turn to page 60)*

Whether they're at home in their white farmhouse on their own private California hilltop, right, or cruising on their boat, the Santana, Bogey and Betty are in Paradise —they're together, aren't they? Latest co-starring film for Warners is "Dark Passage."

All she was thinking about was preparing for final exams at the University. She had her future as a schoolteacher all planned. Then fate took a hand, and today green-eyed brunette Jean Peters is sharing love scenes with Ty Power in "Captain from Castile."

Cinderella from OHIO

By Jack Holland

CINDERELLA may have been a figment of a fairy tale writer's imagination, but Hollywood has recently proved that the little lady can still operate in these parts. At least the case of Jean Peters makes you believe in fairy tales.

Get the picture. A green-eyed, curvaceous brunette is knocking herself out preparing for final exams at Ohio State University. All she's thinking about is school. Do a quick flash to cover six months and you have this same girl being told she is to play one of the year's most coveted rôles for her first picture assignment, that of *Catana* in the super-swashbuckler, "Captain from Castile." And as if that weren't enough, she gets Tyrone Power for her many love scenes!

Briefly put, that's the story of an amazing break for a complete newcomer on the Hollywood scene. The details go something like this. Students on the campus at Ohio State knew Jean Peters as an exceptional student. The men, however, were more intrigued by the fact that she was a very exciting person with her sultry looks, her eyes that had mystery about them, with her long hair parted in the middle and hanging softly around her face. Perhaps you wouldn't have called her a glamorous beauty, but she was a compelling personality.

At the time we pick up Jean's story, she had just had some pictures made of herself and had (*Please turn to page* 81)

Miss Ohio State (otherwise Jean) is still studying—this time at the Actors' Laboratory at the 20th Century-Fox Studio. Left, she holds the stage in a skit with three other young contract players.

And she wanted to be a schoolteacher!

Read the amazing true life story of Jean Peters, Ohio State co-ed who had to be coaxed to play opposite Tyrone Power

He knows what he has
and what it's worth,
which is not conceit,
just good business.
After all, Joseph Cotten
is his own product.
And he IS a charmer,
this curly-headed
ex-potato salesman

King Cotten

By Florence Pritchett

ANYTHING can happen when you interview a movie star! Only a genius with a crystal ball could forsee the outcome, and having no crystal ball handy the day I interviewed Joseph Cotten, I was startled and surprised.

In the first place I was late in arriving for, as I nervously tore into his driveway, dusk was fast settling over the Pacific Palisades. I parked the car behind the house, adjusted my stocking seams, put my best "I'm sorry I'm late" smile on my face, and proceeded toward the door. About three steps had been covered when a deep voice called to me and asked, "Who are you and where are you going?"

I jumped six feet, looked around, saw no one at first, and just as I had arrived at the conclusion that my mind was in need of drastic alterations, I spied two bright eyes peering at me through the bushes. Thinking it might be Puck or Peter Pan I answered, "I am going inside to interview Joseph Cotten."

With that there was a stirring in the bushes and instead of just eyes, a man began to take shape. Slowly he clumped his way up the hillside, a man dressed in a dirt-stained blue shirt and blue jeans with a grey baseball cap pulled down over his eyes. He advanced upon me, stuck his hand out and said, "It's only half clean, but how do you do? You aren't the Miss Pritchett I expected."

I asked meekly, "Is there another one?"

He answered, "I thought so, but she must be someone else."

All during this scintillating conversation Mr. Cotten—yep, Joseph himself, in person— stared at me as if I were an imposter, but finally said, "Shall we go in?"

We walked around the back of the house where a lovely little pool nestled at the bottom of a hill. I asked mine host if the pool was a new addition to the Cotten acres. Mr. Cotten gazed upon it with deliberation and answered, "No but the walls are. Have you ever noticed that walls have a habit of going on and on, especially when you're building them yourself?" *(Please turn to page 68)*

Abrupt, unpredictable, says writer Flo Pritchett of willing victim Joe Cotten, as she analyzes his undeniable appeal in our exclusive interview.

Now co-starring with Jennifer Jones, above, in David O. Selznick's "Portrait of Jenny," Cotten's caught by camera on ice-skating location in N. Y.

Only eighteen, just an unknown schoolgirl three years ago, Jean Simmons has won fame in such important films as "Great Expectations," "Hungry Hill," and "Black Narcissus." Bottom of page, with British idol Stewart Granger.

Introducing Jean Simmons

By Hettie Grimstead

Next to Princess Elizabeth the most talked-about girl in Britain today, Jean is J. Arthur Rank's best new star bet

IN BRITAIN today the two most talked-about girls are Princess Elizabeth and little Jean Simmons. At eighteen Jean is an established screen star, her face in every newspaper and magazine, mobbed by admiring fans when she goes to the première of one of her films. Yet only three years ago Jean was simply an unknown schoolgirl just like thousands of others in London. Fame has come to her in a way that's completely unique in all British motion picture history, a modern real-life fairy tale.

Barely five foot four, with soft light brown hair and wide hazel eyes, Jean has no background of show business, no inherited dramatic talents. She belongs to a typical white-collar family of small income, the kind that lives in Every Street in London. Her father was a school-teacher, his wife the hard-working mother of three daughters and a son. Their home is a modest suburban house where they stayed right through the blitzes and the rocket raids. Jean, the youngest child, went to a local day-school and they planned for her to eventually become a secretary, like her sister Lorna. No idea of acting ever entered Jean's head. Indeed when they were casting the annual school play, she was turned down because she didn't show sufficient interest to warrant being given a part. "I'd much rather practice basket-ball than pretend to be a Princess," she said frankly to the tutor.

Her pretty elder sister Edna served in the WAAF during the war years and married an American airman, Lieut. Paxson from Boston. When she came home on furlough, she gave fourteen-year-old Jean a few dancing lessons "so that you won't look so stupid at my party." But Jean just couldn't put her feet down in the right places, so in desperation Edna took her sister along to the Aida Forster School of Dancing where she had studied herself and paid for her to have a course in instruction. *(Please turn to page 64)*

Jean takes time off from her new picture, "Uncle Silas," to find out what it's like to be an ice-hockey star. Her companions are members of the American Ice Hockey Team. Top, Jean at home in suburban Cricklewood, England.

It's the simple life for Dottie. Hot dogs and hamburgers cooked outdoors are part of the Howards' routine of ranch life.

"No one will believe it," said Dottie when the photographer asked her to pose beside her home-made preserves. But it's true.

Dottie is chief cook and bottle washer on the Howard ranch. Colorful china helps to carry out the informal, homelike atmosphere.

No pork or ham shortage for Dottie and Bill as they are raising 400 hogs. The ranch is really a self-supporting institution.

In blue jeans and gingham, her hair in braids, Paramount's popular star of "Wild Harvest" would fool her most devoted fan here.

A smart baby Hereford snuggles up to li'l Missy Lamour. Just one of the 475 head cattle the Howards are raising on their ranch.

A curious vine discovered a knothole in the living room and is fast covering the walls and ceiling. The Howards rather admire the effect.

Since the arrival of John Ridgely, her year-old son, Dottie's knitting needles are never still. Here she's starting a sweater for big Bill.

RAÑCHER Lamour

Come along with us to "Shady Brook," the 729-acres of California grazing land and citrus trees owned by Dottie Lamour and her husband, Bill Howard

Doesn't look like a famous movie star here, does she? Dottie hikes down a country road accompanied by the cute children of her caretaker.

Exclusive photos by
A. L. Whitey Schafer, Paramount

Another favorite in two-toned worsted jersey. Sand and green, dark with honey brown, black with peacock blue. Sizes 8-18 by Goldwasser at Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago.

BLESSED EVENT

Fashions

Neat trick is Marilyn Nash who's anticipatin' a wee event soon. In chic outfits here, you will see her "as was" in "Monsieur Verdoux"

For at-home chores, Marilyn chooses slacks made for the purpose with slide buckle. Sizes 10-18 at Page Boy Shops in Los Angeles, Dallas, San Francisco and Indianapolis.

Write to the manufacturers listed on page 76 for name of the store nearest you.

By
Mary Ellen
Martin

For shopping and long walks, Marilyn likes this good-looking jumper and blouse. Jumper by Avorn, sizes 10-18 at Lane Bryant. The white blouse is a Poletta Original.

Ladies in waiting like Marilyn can go formal, too. This brown crepe is styled for future mothers 5'5" or under. Black or brown by Goldwasser at Dayton's in Columbus, O.

Brown crepe by Avorn comes in handy as all-round dress. In fall shades of black, brown, forest green, slate blue and grey. Sizes 10-18 at Lane Bryant Shops.

For evening variety, Marilyn wears this attractive white crepe with gold sequin trim and hidden hook adjustment. Sizes 10-18 at Page Boy Shops. Coro Jewelry.

Gregory Peck and Dorothy McGuire co-star in 20th Century-Fox's frank screenplay of Laura Z. Hobson's best-seller based on a burning current question—"Gentleman's Agreement."

Latest Darryl F. Zanuck discovery, Coleen Gray, gets her great break with Victor Mature in Henry Hathaway's melodrama, filmed entirely in and around New York, "Kiss of Death."

Controversial book becomes a daring movie! New girl gets big chance! Watch hot team! First views of Hollywood's new pictures

Blonde hit of "Margie," Barbara Lawrence, meets up with Dan Dailey, Betty Grable's leading man in "Mother Wore Tights," for spirited team-work in "Off to Buffalo."

PHOTO PREVIEWS

In candid shot above, left, Laraine Allen is the current romantic interest of famed rhumba king, Xavier Cugat. Jean Marshall and Kathy Young, below, laugh at Barry Fitzgerald's droll wit on the Paramount set. At right, above, the candid camera catches Mike North, soon to be seen in "The Unsuspected," while he fastens a stubborn clasp on Martha Vickers' bracelet.

Here's Hollywood

Gossip by Weston East

Above, Bruce Cabot dines with socialite Vivi Stokes. Two dynamic new personalities, right, Olga San Juan and Roger Dann, Parisian singer, meet on "Variety Girl."

TYRONE POWER, who came up from the bottom, has never forgotten it. Hence his kindness to Coleen Gray, the Minnesota farm girl who won the coveted lead opposite him in "Nightmare Alley." To raise money for dramatic training, Coleen worked at mowing lawns, selling records, wrapping packages, waiting on tables, running switchboards. Like Ty, we admire strength of character. To Coleen our best wishes all the way.

JOAN FONTAINE wants a baby more than anything else in the world. So every Sunday afternoon is dedicated to the children of her friends and their little friends. Joan serves them goodies and takes them in the pool. She even helps them catch lizards in her beautiful garden, to take home as pets. Anxious as she is to start "Love Letters of an Unknown Woman," Joan only wishes she could make an "interesting announcement" instead.

GREER GARSON (who's still searching for a comedy) ordered a specially made picture frame. The day after it was delivered, it was sitting on her dressing-table. Smiling back at her was a picture of Richard Ney. At this writing they are neither together nor farther apart. One thing is sure, no one else has entered the picture. Maybe there's still a chance of reconciliation—we hope.

IN THE final fadeout of "It Had to Be You," Cornel Wilde dashes in (dressed as a fireman) and rescues Ginger Rogers, who's about to marry Ron Randell. Just before they shot it, Ginger confided she'd been married 12 times (in the movies, of course) making Cornel husband number 13. They took the scene, Cornel dashed in on cue—but he was carrying an old beat-up horseshoe! Yes, he got his laugh.

TO KEEP from holding up production on "That Hagen Girl," Ronnie Reagan worked until he collapsed on the set. While he was in the hospital fighting virus pneumonia, in another hospital a few miles away Jane Wyman gave premature birth to a little daughter who lived less than eight hours. Sick as he was, Ronnie had the foresight to call and ask the papers to announce their sad news. He didn't want his adored Janie, who was already

Dorothy McGuire, Gregory Peck's co-star in "Gentleman's Agreement," snapped on set with Michael Audrey and Celeste Holm.

Dorothy Lamour demonstrates the rudiments of knitting technique to the willing though slightly bewildered Allen Jenkins.

What Allen Jenkins says about the subject of knitting, after one uneasy lesson, would no doubt fill a book—but not for children!

heartbroken, to begin receiving congratulatory wires and flowers. All of Hollywood couldn't have been more sympathetic.

WE ALWAYS like to see glamor girls being real chummy and neighborly. That's just what's happening to Maureen O'Hara and Joan Crawford, who have individual dressing-room suites at 20th, with only *one* connecting kitchen. Maureen, who is making "The Foxes of Harrow," had the kitchen to herself. Then Joan came over to do "Daisy Kenyon." Maureen simply juggled around a few things in the frigidaire and invited Joan to share pot-luck. They really *know* what's cooking!

FOR THE first time in her professional life, the usually co-operative Bette Davis requested no publicity on her new daughter. Everyone respected her wishes, except one reporter who walked into the Sherry home at Laguna Beach, uninvited. Being the nice person she is, Bette never displayed her hurt and disappointment. But now there's a fast lock on her gate to protect little Barbara, who is being brought up with no fanfare. More power to you, Bette.

THE Van Johnsons have settled down to a nice domestic routine while awaiting the stork. When he had a day off from shooting "Virtuous," Van slipped into town and bought himself a sixteen-millimeter projection machine. Then he took lessons, and is now a fast operator. (We always thought so anyway!) Deborah Kerr and her Tony (who are also "expecting") are frequent visitors at the Johnsons. They're catching up on all the old movies Van missed when he was still in New York and a struggling chorus boy.

New star, Coleen Gray, who plays Victor Mature's lead in "Kiss of Death," is now co-starring with Tyrone Power in 20th's "Nightmare Alley."

DIRECTOR Anatole Litvak is really the boss on the "Snake Pit" set and for a very good reason. Not only does he personally own the property, but he also has Olivia deHavilland personally signed for this one starring rôle—regardless of where or when he might have made the picture. Needless to say, at 20th Century-Fox (who will release the finished product) the red carpet is being worked overtime.

DECLARATION of Independence indeed! Just before midnight on July 4th, Joan Blondell flew into Las Vegas and married Broadway producer Mike Todd. And just a few days previously on the "Nightmare Alley" set, she had stoutly declared a third marriage was definitely out. Patching up her last squabble with Todd does entitle the lady to change her mind, now doesn't it?

WHEN the Dane Clarks separated, being intelligent people, they decided to do nothing but keep busy.

Co-stars of "Wild Harvest," Alan Ladd, Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston, are prize subjects at camera party at Ladd's ranch on picture's finish.

Blind Man's bluffers on "Song of Love" set are Katharine Hepburn and Robert Walker, while Eileen Janssen and Ann Carter learn the game.

Margot went East, took up painting and is now having a one-woman exhibition. When he finished "Whiplash," Dane went to Detroit for summer theater work. Then they met in New York and came home together. Both now realize they needed more outside interests and less absorption in each other.

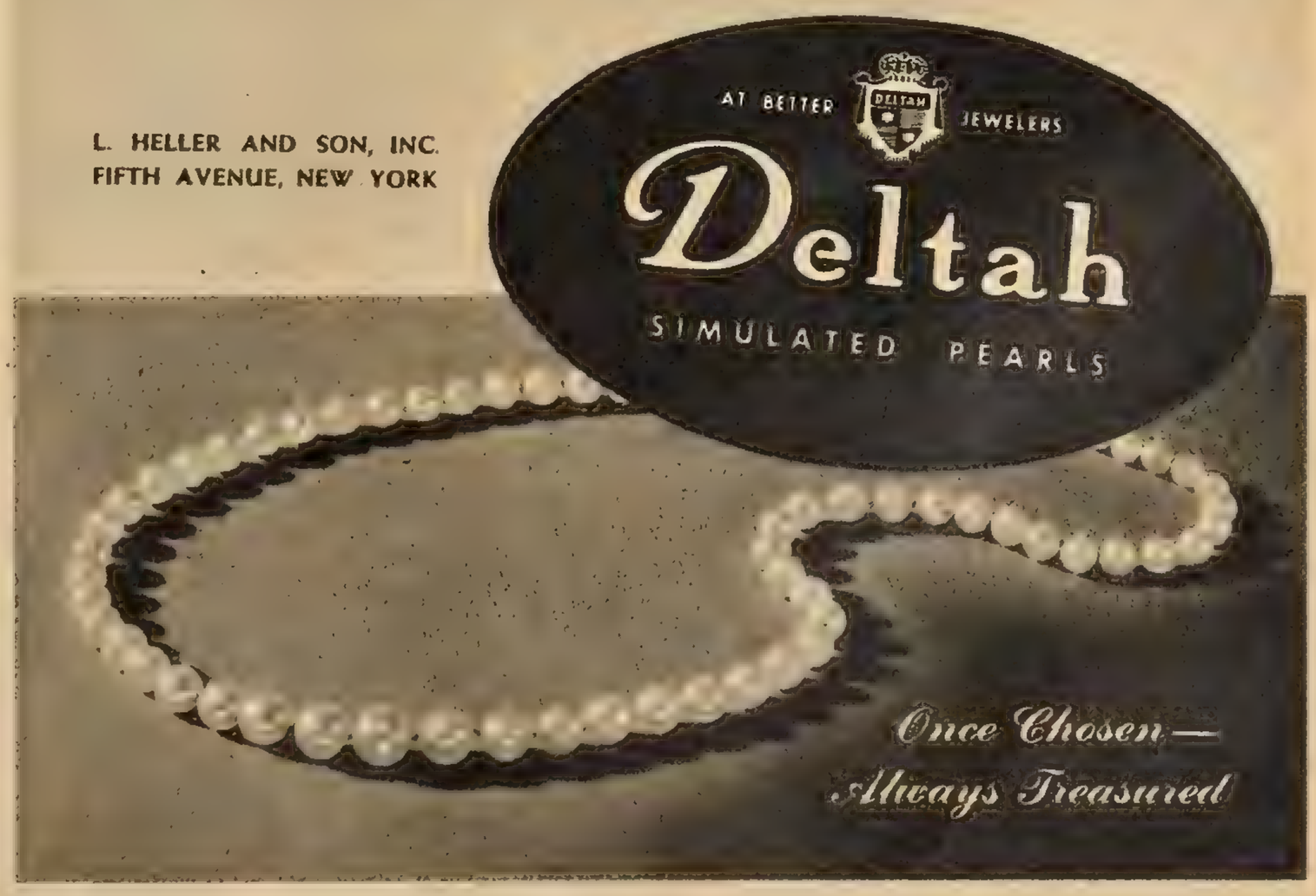
IT SEEMS two people can't even *talk* together without tongues wagging. So Sam Wanamaker (whose real name is Sam Watenmaker) discovered when he attended his first Hollywood party. Now in "Ever the Beginning," the man who was so good opposite Ingrid Bergman in "Joan of Lorraine" met Joan Crawford. He had just seen "Possessed," so he proceeded to express his great enthusiasm. Result, the next day their names were linked in a gossip column. Sam didn't venture out again until his wife and daughter, Abby, arrived in town. He *still* doesn't get it.

eanne Cagney, appearing in "The Time of Your ife," learns acting tricks from brother Jimmy.

Shimmering accent for youthful beauty

Rely, as so many lovely women do, on the magnetic beauty of a lustrous *Deltah* necklace to highlight your youthful contours. For these famous simulated pearls, so closely resembling precious Orientals in color and iridescence, add allure to your costume, whether it be glamour gown, girlish frock or simple sweater. Necklaces from $3.00, earrings to match.

L. HELLER AND SON, INC.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



As a woman behind us at the preview was heard to say, "That Danny—he is adorable!" We second the emotion. "That Danny" is devastatingly funny as a shy dreamer who imagines himself a daring adventurer in various guises from river boat gambler to war ace, always with the same beautiful blonde, Virginia Mayo. In reality, Danny eventually becomes a hero in spite of himself. Kaye achieves a genuinely legitimate characterization as Walter Mitty, proving himself independent of his song interpolations, only two this time. His amazing artistry is definitely assured.

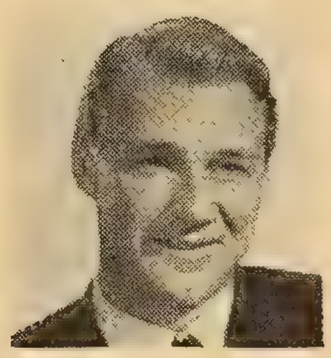
SCREENLAND SALUTES *Danny Kaye*

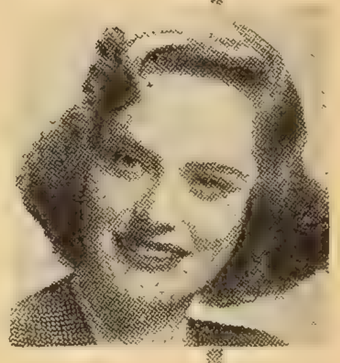
in "The Secret Life Of Walter Mitty"

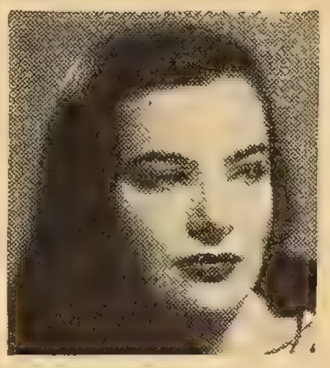
If Hollywood produced more comedies like "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," this world of ours would be more fun to live in. As it is, let's be grateful to brilliant clown Danny Kaye, smart producer Samuel Goldwyn, and original author James Thurber for the most hilarious screen show of the season

SCREEN Tests

★ By ALMA TALLEY ★







STARS IN THESE PICTURES

There are more stars than you think in the movies named below. Not those who appeared on the screen in these films, but last names of well-known players that you can spell out in the titles. For instance in No. 1, "Great Expectations," you will find COTTEN. No letter should be used oftener than it appears in the title itself. How many names can you find?

★

1. GREAT EXPECTATIONS. (At least 13 names)

2. MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET. (At least 16 names)

3. THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER. (At least 26 names)

4. IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE. (At least 16 names)

5. THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES. (At least 11 names)

AN EYEFUL OF STARS

Take a good look at the sentences below, and in each of them you will find the name of a well-known movie star. For instance: The vase was lovely but it would not *hold enough* water for flowers. As you see, in that sentence there is (William) HOLDEN. How many can you find in the sentences below?

★

1. When she saw the handsome usher Ida nearly forgot to watch the picture.
2. It has now become a real luxury to pay restaurant prices for dinner.
3. When she fell in love with Joe, Mary began to pay new attention to her grooming.
4. In the second race at Ascot ten horses were running.
5. After a long winter, he was delighted to see the first robins on the lawn.
6. It was a great thrill for the poor shut-in when she had a visitor.
7. Over a ten mile area, gangsters had intimidated the population.
8. She practically hated to sew on buttons and darn old socks.
9. In his anger, he accused her of being a hard, wicked woman.
10. Every time she talked to him he seemed to know less and less.

MIXED MATES

This is an imaginary dinner party in Hollywood, to which ten married couples are invited. The hostess' little boy, however, has carefully torn all the place cards in half and mixed them all up. Can you sort these names out again and pair them off—who is married to whom?

★

LINDA TED DeTOTH BETTY MINELLI PEVERELL PATRICIA HOPE BRISKIN DESI WALLACE TUFTS DARNELL BALL JUDY DARE PARKS BETTY MARLEY JEAN LAKE GARLAND WILDE DOLORES FRANCHOT LARRY BARBARA BOB ARNAZ GARRETT VERONICA HUTTON VINCENT CORNEL LUCILLE READE TONE SONNY ANDRE KNIGHT

★

★

(Answers on page 87)

Our Cover Stars at Home

Continued from page 41

vantage is all mine," insists Betty. "Bogey acts with such assurance, such perfect timing, I get a lift every time we do a scene. Love scenes are embarrassing, though. I can't help thinking the audience must know they're seeing the real thing. It's like making love to your husband in public!"

On screen or off, it's not much of a secret that the Bogarts are mad for each other. When Betty breaks in the middle of a screen kiss to yelp, 'Golly, I forgot to order the pot roast!" what else but love would send Bogey off to telephone the butcher? Or when they are besieged by fans and Bogey hands the pen to Betty saying, "It's really your autograph they want," brother, that's romance! And when she signs Lauren Bacall Bogart, that little gesture moves them right up into the *Romeo-Juliet* department in Hollywood.

Part of this strong attachment is centered around their hilltop home. They hated to leave it even for a month's location trip to Mexico for the filming of "Treasure of Sierra Madre." Which brings up another chapter of the Bogart-Bacall love story. When Bogey discovered the original location site provided no decent hotel accommodations for Betty, he complained to the studio location manager.

"I was under the impression the picture has an all-male cast," said the surprised manager. "I didn't know Mrs. Bogart was in it."

"She's not. But you don't think I'm going to Mexico for a month without her!"

Another location site was hastily chosen. San Jose de Purua boasts not only a first class hotel; there are towering mountains, jungles, wild orchids and fine mineral baths in the vicinity. Nothing but the best for Betty!

Morning of their departure for Mexico Betty tearfully fed the ducks and chicks. "Remember, I'm the one who raised you, and I expect you to know me when I get back." Lingered to sigh over the budding snapdragons she planted in early spring. "You'll bloom and wither before I see you again." It didn't occur to her to remain at home. Separation from her beloved house and garden may be painful, but separation from Bogey is simply inconceivable.

Bogey's "last look round" was aimed at his own special corner of the house, dubbed his "Mad Room" by Betty. This is Bogey's den, done in strongly masculine style, with plenty of sprawling space. Betty's bright red placards set the gay tone of the room. "Bogey's Mad Room. Stay Out!" reads one. "Danger! Bogey And His Conscience At Work!" warns another.

"This den is where Bogey goes when he wants to be alone," says Betty with a mischievous twinkle. Reason for the twinkle is obvious. The plaid-papered walls are plastered with her most alluring photographs. "Bogey may get away from me, but he's getting no chance to forget me," says this wise young wife.

Saddest of all partings is with Harvey, the Boxer pup. When Bogey and Betty were being married at Louis Bromfield's farmhouse in Ohio, Prince, the Bromfield hound, strolled over and draped himself across the clergyman's feet during the ceremony. It seemed only fitting that Prince's first pup should go to the Bogarts. They named him Harvey after the invisible six-foot rabbit in the New York play because "he's never to be seen when you want him."

No visitor to the Bogart home can leave without being ushered into Betty's dressing room to watch her unlock a mirrored door and with great ceremony bring forth her new mink coat. "It's from Bogey. A complete surprise. Isn't it a *dream?*" she sighs with rapture.

The spectacle of a movie-star wife of a movie-star husband raving about a mink coat stops you cold. "You act as though this is the first mink coat you ever owned."

"Dear girl," responds Betty icily, "this is not only my first mink coat. It's my first *fur* coat!"

So now you understand why Bogey claims that surprising Betty with presents is more fun than Orphans' Day at the circus!

If Betty revels in being mistress of her home Bogey derives equal satisfaction from being master of his racing sailboat, *The Santana*, a 55-foot 16-ton yawl. Here he is in supreme command, while Betty does the cooking and scrubs the gallery for his inspection. She also watches out for boarding guests, making sure they remove their shoes before stepping on the polished teakwood decks.

Docked at Newport Beach fifty miles down the coast the Bogarts spend their weekends on *The Santana* mixing with other boat-owners, their motion picture identities casually ignored in their eagerness to be rated "good sailors." Clad in tee shirts and dungarees they work as a team, sailing the boat, racing the dinghy, sunbathing on deck. By Sunday night, however, they can hardly wait to get back to their "doll house."

Unlike the "Doll's House" of Ibsen fame the Bogart home seems strong and unshatterable. Betty is no doll wife, but a working partner. At home, at the studio, on their boat, the Bogart-Bacall combination looks like a winning team.

Inside Hollywood's Social Circle

Continued from page 23

at Ginger Rogers', and 'introduce' them, by way of the column, to all the glamorous guests, and let them take part in the fun."

Delight said she thought it was a wonderful idea, but suggested that, before I start my typewriter tour of Hollywood's social life, I explain just what constitutes "society" in this golden land. This is, of course, the hardest chore of all, because the whole outlook on society has undergone such a change and Hollywood today is the best example of how the new liberal system works.

What you are like as a person, rather than who you are, is what counts when a Hollywood hostess makes up her invitation list. Personality, charm and wit mean more than azure blood or a fabulous fortune. If you can contribute something to a party, you're certain to be in demand. You don't have to be a big motion picture star or have a family album filled with titles—because nobody cares. If you are clever and amusing it means more to a hostess than the fact that you can command a salary check with many fancy figures on it.

I was called a New York social leader when a select way of living was at its height. I gave and attended snobbish functions which cost thousands of dollars and to which only members in good standing in the Social Register were invited. But it was a closed, stuffy way of living. It was not only a "vicious circle," but a boring one.

I decided to see if I couldn't get away from the "stuffed shirt" formula, and organized a salon, such as I had had in Paris, to which I only invited people who were fun and who had something interesting to offer. I mixed writers, painters, Dukes and divas, all in a grand potpourri and—while some of my friends said that "it just wasn't done"—I did it, and, if you'll pardon my saying so, the salon was a great success.

A glance at the guest book was proof that diplomats and artists, industrialists and social leaders, all enjoyed the freedom of these more informal parties. The book is filled with such names as Arturo Toscanini, Walter Chrysler, Elizabeth Arden, Teddy Roosevelt, Jascha Heifetz, Lord and Lady Mountbatten, Beatrice Lillie, Clifton Webb, Grace Moore, the Duchess of Roxborough, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and many, many others.

When I came to California with my daughter, Cobina Wright, Jr., who had just been signed to a contract with the 20th Century-Fox Studios, I was prepared to find a still different type of social life and I wasn't disappointed. I discovered that some of the best social gatherings in the world take place here in the shadows of the great motion picture studios.

The English novelist, Evelyn Waugh, recently said that all social life in Hollywood revolved around six major studios and one restaurant. Mr. Waugh presumably thought he was uttering a devastatingly witty remark, but it is not a true one.

The motion pictures do attract the most brilliant, talented, and gifted people and the most ravishingly beautiful women, naturally, so that a host or a hostess does have an advantage, but just getting these people to attend does not, by any means, insure the success of an evening.

The best parties are those given in a friendly, informal fashion, and the thoughtful hostess makes sure that her guests will enjoy one another. If she is

as democratic as most, she is more likely to be guided by the *Hollywood Reporter* than by the Blue Book.

Of course, for the success of that party, a hostess must avoid inviting people who are antagonistic to one another, and, unfortunately, there is a considerable amount of that in Hollywood. For instance, two leading ladies who lose their tempers whenever they get in sight of one another are a poor bet. So are the handsome leading men who drink a few too many cocktails and like to cause a disturbance. Even though they may be well known, it's better to forget such party upsetters.

However, one of the things I like most about the Hollywood social arrangement is the absence of feuds among the hostesses, like the kind that once took place in New York, where one hostess vied with another to capture THE visiting celebrity or corral the most impressive list of guests. Hollywood hostesses do not strive to compete with each other and never deliberately decide to give a big party on the night someone else has a party planned.

But to be specific, I'm told that readers always want to know about the various "cliques" or private sets and just who belongs to these groups.

You may be surprised to learn that the so-called "cliques" are determined, not by any particularly snobbish or clannish feeling among the people who belong to these little sets, but by just plain —and sometimes, mountainous—geography! You see, your close friends are, literally, just that. Los Angeles is so spread out that it is impossible for people who live forty miles out in San Fernando Valley to be continually attending functions in Bel-Air.

Consequently, out San Fernando way, you'll find a "Valley Crowd," which includes Bing Crosby, the Bob Hopes, the Frank Sinatras, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, Ann Sheridan and Clark Gable. Most of them belong to the Lakeside Golf Club and many of their informal ranch parties start right from the ninth hole.

The Bel-Air set consists of people who live on the winding roads in the hills beyond Beverly Hills, and, at their parties, you will find Atwater Kent, the Humphrey Bogarts, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, the Ed Gardners, the Carey Wilsons, the Van Johnsons, Cary Grant, Loretta Young and Tom Lewis.

Farther out, Brentwood way, gatherings will have the Charles Boyers, the Gary Coopers, the Henry Fondas, Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin, Tyrone Power and Lana Turner, Jimmy Stewart and Joan Crawford.

The Beverly Hills crowd is the largest, since most of the motion picture stars live within this area. This is my own particular group, and, at our parties, you will meet Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont, the Edward G. Robinsons, Sir Charles and Lady Mendl, Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson, Judy Garland and Vincente Minelli.

Perhaps the most distinctive group, from the standpoint of being actually "typed," is that set which is referred to

Lynn Bari and James Craig are an appealing new screen team in Eagle-Lion's "A Texas Story."

as "the British Crowd." It so happens that most of the members of this little coterie all live fairly close together. Because they have so many mutual interests both here and in England, they meet frequently in each other's homes. Regular dinner parties find the Ronald Colmans, the Reggie Gardiners, the Rex Harrisons, the Nigel Bruces, Peggy Cummins, Deborah Kerr and Ann Todd together.

But this does not mean that any of these groups feels itself "exclusive." A particularly interesting party will find representatives from all sections, and most of the stars look forward to these galas so that they can see friends whom they do not encounter every day.

It's this informal, gay, and exciting "get-together" quality which characterizes so many parties. People come because they want to come and have a good time. They do not come because they feel they have to, or because it's the politic thing to do, or because they want to show off a new gown. The stars in the motion picture business like to appear at parties where they can be themselves. They are on display so much of the time in their public life that they like to relax with their friends. If they can't be at ease at a social function, it just doesn't function.

Someone once said that the trick was to throw a Hollywood party before it throws you. Well, a great many charming and delightful people have mastered the art and I'd like to tell you about some of them because you'll be meeting them, via this column, in forthcoming issues of SCREENLAND.

First, you will probably want to know who gives the best parties and who are Hollywood's favorite hosts and hostesses.

I think Sonja Henie gives beautiful parties, and she is certainly one of screenland's most attractive hostesses. Her lavish gatherings are usually held in a huge and colorfully decorated tent which has been set up on the lawn near her pool. Here she presides over buffet tables of divine food. She always manages to have one of the top bands for dancing and then a program of impromptu entertainment by some celebrated performers. Her guest list runs into the hundreds and her parties are always a bright splash on the social calendar.

King of hosts is my great friend, Atwater Kent, who must really hold a record for being the most prolific party-giver in this part of the country. His beautiful estate, "Capo di Monte," is literally on the top of a mountain overlooking all of Hollywood and Beverly Hills, and here he entertains in truly sumptuous style. His gatherings are usually cleverly arranged to celebrate some significant event or to introduce some distinguished visitor to Hollywood. At one of Mr. Kent's soirées you will meet practically everyone who is known in the motion picture business, and they all have a wonderful time.

Mrs. Edward G. Robinson is a superb hostess and her parties in her beautiful home always draw an unusually brilliant and varied crowd. Although there will always be a notable contingent of motion picture people, you are sure to meet more artists, musicians and writers at her parties. You are probably familiar with the fact that the Robinsons have one of the finest collections of modern paintings and these striking works of art offer a vivid and stunning background to every affair.

Sir Charles and Lady Mendl's soirées always have a continental flavor, and you will find the Brian Ahernes, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyons, and all the friends they knew in London.

Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett go in for mentally stimulating evenings with well-known economists, political writers and statesmen engaging in spirited discussion of world affairs.

Irene Dunne's and Dr. Griffin's parties are always done in perfect taste, and Miss Dunne has won the envied reputation of being one of the most gracious hostesses in all of California. Together, Irene and her good friend, Loretta Young, plot "surprise" parties in which they will follow a formal dinner party with a fun-fest of games. After the butler has served a perfectly appointed dinner, you will be "surprised" to find yourself standing on your head to illustrate a point in "Charades," a game which the

Douglas Fairbankses also like to feature at their parties.

Other popular hosts and hostesses are the Darryl Zanucks, the Eddie Sutherlands, Arthur Lyons, the Peter Rathvons, Ginny Simms and Hyatt Dehn, David Selznick, the Sam Goldwyns, the Jack Warners and Louis B. Mayer.

Columnists Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper favor large cocktail parties, and their invitations are also very popular.

But, for this first issue, it is not my intention to go into detail about any particular event. I have only wanted to give you some of the colorful background and set the scene for some of the amusing parties you and I are going to "attend." There will be some wonderful affairs, and I will try to picture them in a manner that will make you feel that you were really there.

Of course, I want you to ask all the questions that you would like to have answered. I'll report to you on all the social events and dwell on those which were the most fascinating or which featured the most original ideas.

You don't have to have a reason to give a party in Hollywood, but it helps. Not long ago I thought I would have a coming-out party for Vivace, my singing toy French poodle, and I selected my guests as seriously as though I were inviting them to a concert by a famous prima donna. The whole thing was a wonderful hoax, but I wanted to see how long we could keep it mock-serious.

After some thought, I settled on Jimmy Stewart, Clark Gable, Anita Colby, the Henry Fondas, the Danny Kayes, Mary Pickford and Kay Swift. The evening turned out to be a riot, especially with Danny Kaye doing a duet with a toy poodle that looked most fetching in a John Frederics hat!

No, there's never a dull moment, because Hollywood invites the people it likes, not the people it *ought* to invite. So in next month's issue I'll probably be greeting you at a Peter Rathvon party in Bel-Air or at a ranch round-up in the Valley, wherever I think you'll have the most fun. Don't hesitate to let me know what parties you'd like to know about. Perhaps you might get some ideas for your own get-togethers!

Also I'll let you in on a few secrets about who is the best guest at a Hollywood party, and who is least likely to be invited again!

Would you like to know?

Gable and the Gals

Continued from page 21

modesty. As far as he's concerned, there are a thousand other subjects that are more interesting to him.

This may give you a jolt, because you're sure to know that in Hollywood gatherings every sentence invariably begins with the first person singular pronoun, and where an actor usually beats out his brains trying to outdo the next in a sensational conversational game.

You could never say Clark Gable fits that pattern. Not that he's one of those perfect characters about whom there isn't a thing wrong, or who is so faultless that he could easily be canonized the following week, at least according to his publicity. But by and large, you'll have to go a long way to find a nicer guy.

When we first talked to Clark, he told us all about his new leading lady, Deborah Kerr, and the progress of his newest picture, "The Hucksters." He likes both. Then he talked about his Encino ranch, and his desire to go to England for a visit with his war-made friends as soon as the living situation has eased up there a bit. But just a few intimate words about Clark—no!

So out came the little black book of memory, and we tracked down some people who know him well, both professionally and socially, and put the deal up to them. Their answers were more revealing and gratifying than those of Mr. Gable. "Of course!" they all said. "There's no one else we'd rather talk about!"

In all, we queried a quartet of lovely ladies. First came Deborah Kerr, and she was followed by Jeanette MacDonald, the famed MGM songbird who starred with him in an epic entitled "San Francisco." After that came Anita Colby, the popular ex-model known as "The Face," who has just given up acting in the movies to serve as an executive assistant to the head of production at Paramount. Greer Garson was in a rush to get back to her Pebble Beach hideout, but she paused long enough backstage to part with a few words on her leading man of "Adventure."

"I came all the way from England to make my test with Mr. Gable," lovely Deborah Kerr recalled, "and naturally I was terribly nervous about the whole thing. Tests are the most dreadful thing to do in the whole world, anyway, and when you add to that the fact that I was to play opposite the man who is the idol of the British screen, you can understand how upset I was. Quite naturally I wondered about him—how it would be to work with him, what he would think of my acting, and most of all, I worried about how we two would get along.

"Our first meeting was extraordinary. Instead of being aloof, untouchable and patronizing, he immediately gave me the impression that he was a fellow-trouper. I'd heard him called 'The King' of the film business often enough, but never once did he pull his rank or set himself up. Best of all, he was as nervous about the test as I was, so we struck up a sympathetic understanding right from the start.

"When we began the test, I found it extremely easy to work with him because of his genuine simplicity, which gradually put me at my ease. He realized I was a stranger in a strange land, and he did everything to make me welcome. Under those conditions, it was easy to see why the test turned out to be a cooperative success.

"On the opening day of the shooting, he sent me six dozen roses and a beautiful leather-bound script book with my name inscribed on it, so do you wonder that I like him? He's most charming and straightforward, extremely hardworking.

"After the fabulous buildup I'd had on him in England, I was happy to find him utterly unaffected, and even shy at times! I probably sound just like a girl raving about her favorite matinée idol, but if you were to put yourself in my position, you couldn't help but appreciate such a man.

"He's very easy to act with because he has a wonderful sense of timing, and a fine reserve in his work. If you 'give' in a scene, he gives too with an immediate response, which is something every actor or actress really cherishes.

"I like his generous sense of wit, which he shows in such attractive ways. One day we were in the commissary just after he had returned from a vacation, and he was looking tanned and very fit. Someone commented on this, and his quick answer was, 'Don't look now, chum, but I'm just holding myself in because there are some studio executives here!'

"See why I enjoy knowing him? Yet there's one thing about him which I might describe as a fault, at least from a woman's point of view. He's a stickler for punctuality, which is something women find difficult to understand in the fullest sense of the word. Something unforeseen always comes up at the last moment to make us late. However, the redeeming thing about this is that he's just as punctual as he expects you to be. Is that a fault? In this case, I'd say that what's sauce for the gander should be sauce for the goose, too."

Not quite so effusive in her admiration for Clark Gable is Jeanette MacDonald, who is returning to the screen, after extensive concert tours, in an entertaining story called "The Birds and the Bees." When she and Clark worked together, they had their minor differences.

"We started out on the wrong foot," Jeanette recalled. "I wanted him for 'San Francisco' but at first he said no because there'd be nothing for him to do while I was singing on the screen. His excuse was that he'd be tied up for six months in another picture, but I said I'd wait.

"Six months later we went to work, and the first day he came to the set smelling of garlic, and we had a love scene to do! He wanted me to dislike him—in fact, he told me so later on—because he didn't want to do the film. He was annoyed because I was late for the scene, but my hair wouldn't go right, and it seemed that at least a dozen other things held me up.

"After a while he decided he'd punished me enough, drew up a chair, and sat down beside me in a most friendly fashion. He asked me why I had insisted on him, and only him, for the picture, so thinking I'd please him, I said that he had the most sex-appeal.

"He didn't like that at all! I should have been honest and said that I wanted him because he was the best actor for the part, which was the whole truth. I think he's a wonderful actor; I've always thought so, and I should have told him that right from the beginning.

"I found it hard to talk to him at first because of our misunderstanding, but eventually he thawed out. I don't blame actors for not wanting to work with singing actresses, but we solved that, too. He had lots of closeups while I was singing. Never in my life did I want to work with anyone as much as I did with Gable, and despite our little problems, I think we turned out an excellent picture. It did much for both of us.

"I'm the first to admit that he's a really nice person, because everyone likes him. My husband worked with him in 'Red Dust' and said often that he liked him because he was a good egg. He has a terrific sense of humor, a keen mind, and he has more friends than anyone else in town, including the studio mailman!

"I think, too, that he would be a wonderful husband, because he would have to be very much in love to take the step. His marriage with Carole Lombard was one of the idyllic romances of Hollywood, and they had genuine fun for 24 hours a day. Just being around them was heartwarming.

"Clark and I never got to be the good friends I'd hoped we'd be because of our poor beginning, but we straightened that all out before the picture was finished. He's a definite he-man, and I sincerely hope he finds the real happiness he deserves.

"I was in the midst of my own romantic problems at the time, so I probably missed much about him, but there's one more important thing I'll add about him. I always thought he was one of the handsomest men in pictures, and I think he's getting handsomer every day!"

Golden-haired Anita Colby has never worked with Clark on the screen, so her observations on him are gleaned from the social side of his life. She and Clark date quite frequently, and Anita knows him from a slant that naturally is quite different from that of his leading ladies.

"I refer to him as 'The Tiffany of the Business' because his good taste and cooperation have won over not only the kids in the rafters, but also the actors working with him," said Anita. "He started at the bottom, learned a real sense of values and appreciation, and he hasn't lost any of this since he reached the top.

"You've often heard it said that he's the most glamorous man in movies, and it's true, because every time we go to a party, even the stars turn around to see him. That's going some in a town where there are plenty of handsome men! When you're out with him, you know you'll be treated with respect, because he never leaves your side. He's not a table-hopper, and all his attention is for you. Naturally women notice that. If I see him at a social function with someone else, he gives me a polite hello, and that's all.

"I've never heard him peddle any gossip, or make a derogatory remark about anyone. This may make him sound too good to be true, but the fact is that he just isn't interested, mostly because he realizes what harm such idle chatter might cause.

"He's a wonderful host—one of the best I've ever seen, and that's something for a man who runs his own house! Everything moves along smoothly, mostly because the servants have been with him for a long time and wouldn't think of leaving.

"One of the things I like best about him is his splendid sense of fun. He'll try anything that looks like a pleasant lark, and which might be something he thinks you'd enjoy, too. He'll go anywhere that's new, eat an apple on a stick, ride the roller-coaster at the beach, or shoot the ducks at the shooting gallery. He makes you feel as though you're out with the kid next door.

"He's a most fantastic man about the search for knowledge. He reads voraciously, and wants to go everywhere and see everything. Yet despite all this, he's quite a home-man, and his place in Encino is a marvelous spot.

"When I first started dating him, I thought I'd have to be perfect and sophisticated, because I'd heard he was so meticulous. That soon changed, though, because at a party we were having fun with a try at jitterbugging, and he enjoyed it so much he even tried it himself!

"I like him because he kids himself, and never takes himself too seriously. He won't talk shop, which is certainly a relief in a shop-talking town. Does all this make him sound too perfect? Doesn't he have any faults? Well, he doesn't bite his nails, but he's terribly sensitive. Or is that a fault? He's a great one for regimentation about himself, and he has a will power that is really amazing.

"He's so honest and sincere, and so easy to understand that at times it's difficult to explain your feeling about him. He gets bored very easily with inactivity, and strives always to keep busy at something. Perhaps he plays a little too much golf to suit a woman's taste, but then again that's simply a matter of preference.

"But it all gets down to the fact that I, or any other woman, wouldn't date him if we didn't like and admire him. He gets a big kick out of being nice to everyone, which is a fine, selfless trait, and people who are terribly impressed with him, meet him and to their astonished delight find him disarmingly, completely natural and simple."

Now you can take your piano wherever you go! The "accompanist" above is Carole Landis, aided by her husband, Horace Schmidlapp.

Although Greer Garson is currently tied up with several pictures on her schedule of the future, she has enjoyed working with Clark, because she has expressed a desire to act with him again. Perhaps in a year or so this can be arranged, and this team will once again get together. She likes his self-effacing sincerity, and his willingness to labor again and again until a scene comes out right for the cameras. She, too, thinks he's an excellent actor who knows his business, and she is impressed by his generous cooperation in pleasing both the front office and the other stars with whom he works. He is, she says, a man you don't soon forget.

Since Greer was the first actress to work with Clark after his war service, we asked if she detected any great change in him. "Yes," she said, "but his long experience in movies soon put him completely at ease before the camera. A tendency to severe jitters remained before and during emotional scenes, and that was something which only increased one's liking and respect for him as a man of feeling and an actor of sincerity. Clark combines breeziness and patience in a very pleasant fashion. He is considerate and kind to his fellow players, but then I never have met with anything but a generous spirit in an actor or actress who is good."

The outstanding thing Greer remembers about Clark is his sound sense of values. "He has no vanity about being a famous movie star, he knows his job thoroughly, and realizes he's in a *business*. He is more detached and has a better perspective than many of us mummers. He has a good-humored line of running gags that kept the crew and me happy all through the long, drawn-out maneuvers of making 'Adventure.' After any particularly ludicrous or uncomfortable undertaking in which actors are often involved on the screen, such as tavern brawls or water-soaked sequences, he always had the right quip to bring us back happily from these ordeals. I remember a chicken-stealing scene which called for close contact for hours with some remarkably malodorous birds. After we had finally completed the footage, Clark emerged, grinning philosophically, to comment, 'Well, it's a living!'

"Yes," Greer concluded. "You've guessed it. I like the guy!"

And there you have a cross-sectional observation on Clark Gable as he is pictured by four people who know him well. They like him both for his acting skill and the multiple facets that make up his generous character and personality. They are voluble in praising him, and if there are qualities about him they don't like, they have to pause and reflect for some time before they come up with an answer.

That in itself is the best tribute you can pay Clark Gable. He's a 100% real guy, who likes Hollywood as much as it likes him. If you ever meet him, it won't take you long to find out that enlightening fact for yourself.

Introducing Jean Simmons

Continued from page 46

Mrs. Forster had a hunch about Jean immediately she gave her the first lesson. Here was a girl who definitely "had something," even if she would never become a brilliant dancer; a fresh youthful charm and a gay personality and an exquisite oval face which Mrs. Forster saw was photogenically perfect. When she happened to meet up with a film director friend, she told him about her new pupil. After a lot of argument, he reluctantly agreed to give five minutes of his time to this girl who had never acted in her life. When he saw Jean he gave her an hour and a part on the spot.

So she played Margaret Lockwood's little sister in "Give Us the Moon," and the Simmons family were astounded. "I don't suppose I shall be any good," Jean assured them cheerfully, "and I shan't care a bit if I'm not. There are lots of fine business opportunities anyway."

But she was so startlingly good that the J. Arthur Rank organization immediately gave her a long-term contract, along with six months' intensive training in their studio school. Between lessons she did a small rôle in "Johnny in the Clouds" and the *Queen's* harpist in "Caesar and Cleopatra." While she was drinking tea on the set one afternoon along happened to come David Lean who was preparing to direct "Great Expectations." For a long moment he stood staring at Jean. Then he invited her to play the young *Estella*.

Immediately the Dickens film had its first private viewing at the Denham Studios, the producers began to compete for Jean. She played the native girl, *Kanchi*, in "Black Narcissus," and then acted with Margaret Lockwood again in "Hungry Hill." All the time her education had to go on. Aida Forster proudly taught her discovery deportment and helped her with her English, French, and literature studies. In the Rank school she was coached in dramatic technique and had her voice intensively trained up to two tones lighter.

On her seventeenth birthday Jean was officially made a star. She took the leading rôle of *Caroline* in "Uncle Silas," grim macabre thriller of a hundred years ago, turning in a beautiful performance as the terrified heiress who realises her uncle is trying to murder her. Next came a romantic modern girl in "The Woman in the Hall," and after that Jean secured what every young actress in Britain was yearningly calling The Part—she played *Ophelia* in Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet." She'd never even read the play, nor seen Shakespeare on the stage, so she had to take the script home and turn up "all the funny old-fashioned words" in the dictionary to see what they meant!

Now Jean is scheduled as the star of "The Blue Lagoon," which has a South Seas setting, hugely thrilled by the prospect of a winter location in Fiji to which she will travel by air, stopping off at New York and Hollywood en route. She would like to meet Frank Sinatra—"I'm not really one of his fans but I do admire the way he puts his lines across"—and also Cary Grant, to see if that dimple is real! She hopes there will be time for a few days in Boston too. "I do so want to meet all those nice people that Edna writes to us about."

What's she like, this teen-ager who has shot to screen stardom in such spectacular fashion? Not in the least bit conceited or spoiled by all her success. Everybody who meets her begins by formally addressing her as "Miss Simmons." She wrinkles that tip-tilted nose and begs, "Just Jean, please. I'm used to that." When her acting is praised she blushes with shy pleasure. She still feels surprised at what she has achieved, but she is eminently intelligent and sensible about it all. She knows fame means responsibility too.

"I've got to work harder than ever now," she explains seriously. "I must if I'm to keep what I've got and become a really good actress. There's such a lot to learn yet." She still goes regularly to the studio school. Even when she is working in a picture she attends each spare half-day that she isn't needed before the cameras.

Maybe this sounds oddly grave for an eighteen-year-old, but Jean is like thousands of other young Londoners, much older than her age in experience. During those important formative years of adolescence she was living perilously in the midst of war, sometimes suffering physical hardship and watching black-winged tragedy fly very close. It's given her an inner force of character, a strong sense of values which normally she would not have gained for a number of years yet. Because of this balance she remains serene and unaffected, looking out at the future with clear far-seeing eyes.

Her family training and tradition have helped to keep Jean unquenchably natural, for she has always lived the simply quiet and utterly unpretentious way of the average middle-class English girl, and still does so. She takes her turn at doing the supper dishes and she knits her own sweaters and she wouldn't dream of accepting a party invitation without her mother's permission. She uses no makeup off the set. She wears no jewelry at all. She doesn't smoke or drink alcohol and she won't until she is twenty-one. Her clothes are mainly woollies and plain white shirts which she wears with slacks or tailored tweeds. She has only one pale blue evening gown, which she puts on for film premières under a caped squirrel coat. She's never been to a night-club or a fashionable restaurant. She is only allowed to stay out late on Saturday evenings, when she generally goes to the neighborhood movie theater or the skating-rink. Her companions are her secretary-sister Lorna, her brother Harold, who's an engineer, and nineteen-year-old David with whom she went to school, the nearest approach she has to any "boy friend." They always get home by half-past ten and Mrs. Simmons has tea and sandwiches waiting. One Sunday every month Jean gives a little party. Half-a-dozen other youngsters come along—they've known Jean all her life anyway—and they listen to swing records on Jean's gramophone, which is neither modern nor even portable but just an old-fashioned wooden box she has owned since she was ten. She adores Spike Jones and his City Slickers and has a vast collection of vocals sung by Archie Lewis, the colored crooner who is Britain's Bing Crosby. Jean can sing quite well herself and play the piano capably.

She rides and swims, too, having learned during her summer vacations, which she has always spent in a small Somerset village with her family. Jean is deeply devoted to her folks—when somebody suggested she could afford a smart bachelor-girl apartment now, she was absolutely horrified. The Simmonses still live in their old suburban house and they propose to stay there at least until Jean is twenty-one. "Then we'll see if her screen career is really established and what we can afford," explains Mrs. Simmons, and Jean nods in full agreement. She usually does concur with her mother's views. They have much the same kind of temperament and frequently think the same way.

So Jean still makes her home happily and contentedly in the semi-detached redbrick villa in Cricklewood, the only concession to her fame being the fact that she now has one little room for her own study. She likes to sit on the floor in front of the open fire, learning her lines, reading Kipling and Dickens and Scott's historical novels, embroidering a cushion-cover for her favorite overstuffed chair and romping with Heidi, a black and white dog of highly questionable pedigree that she found lost on the street one wintry night. The room is invariably in what Mrs. Simmons describes as "perfect chaos," for Jean is hopelessly and incurably untidy. She's extremely fussy about her food, often getting up in the middle of a meal and leaving her plate barely touched. The dishes she doesn't like would fill a book. The only things you can offer Jean in the surety that she'll accept are chocolate,

At home Betty Grable has a new daughter, Jessica James, to occupy her interest and time —at 20th-Fox Studio, "Mother Wore Tights."

ice-cream and oranges. Her mother has given up trying to change her habits now. Philosophically she smiles and remarks that "nobody is perfect, after all."

Though Mrs. Simmons, widowed now, keeps a strict eye upon her youngest daughter she seldom goes to the studio with Jean. "Why should I?" she asks. "I don't chaperone Lorna to and from her office." Brother Harold is usually Jean's escort on formal occasions. She likes to help him clean his motor-cycle on Sunday afternoons. She used to go for fast rides with him, astride the bracket, until a Rank executive happened to see her one day and promptly forbade it in case of accidents.

Jean doesn't go to the glamorous dances and parties given for the grown-up stars, but she's still immensely popular with her fellow players. Not the smallest part of her charm is her courtesy and unfailing good manners and her gentle respect for her elders, all of which she owes to her mother's training. Directors appreciate Jean because she is so "biddable," realizing that her strength lies in doing exactly what she is told to the utmost of her ability. Sincerely and honestly she does so. She never attempts to portray a character according to her own imagination. She just carries out the instructions she is given. Gabriel Pascal says he has never known any other actress so eager and willing to please and so amazingly unselfconscious. It's characteristic of Jean that when Laurence Olivier told her he had just seen the first rushes of her scenes in "Hamlet," she didn't ask him whether she was good; she only said, "I hope you were satisfied." Larry assured her he was, and she burst into tears of joy and relief. There's a strong streak of sensitiveness under Jean's smiling exterior and she often worries inwardly about her work, so anxious to do her best that she's apt to lie awake at night wondering how she can improve herself.

Probably this feeling will disappear with time, as Jean gains more experience and added confidence. Certainly J. Arthur Rank and his executives have no doubt whatever concerning the future that stretches out before this fresh, young, typically English girl with the inborn ability for natural acting. Already she has developed considerably since she played the frosty little *Estella* and the naughty *Kanchi*. Now she is successfully encompassing far wider emotional rôles, carrying her films on her own slim shoulders just as the star actress must. She has a special studio secretary to cope with her vast fan mail and she's made her first personal appearance and held an official publicity reception in her dressing-room. A new type of rose has been named after her, and the perky bonnet she wore in "Uncle Silas" has set a millinery style.

But with her quiet good sense to guide her, her mother to advise and her family to love and tease her, Jean Simmons is still unspoiled and unsophisticated as she blooms into her beautiful womanhood. It's likely to remain "Just Jean, please" for quite a long time yet, a happy hallmark for the most unusual little star who shines in the British studios.

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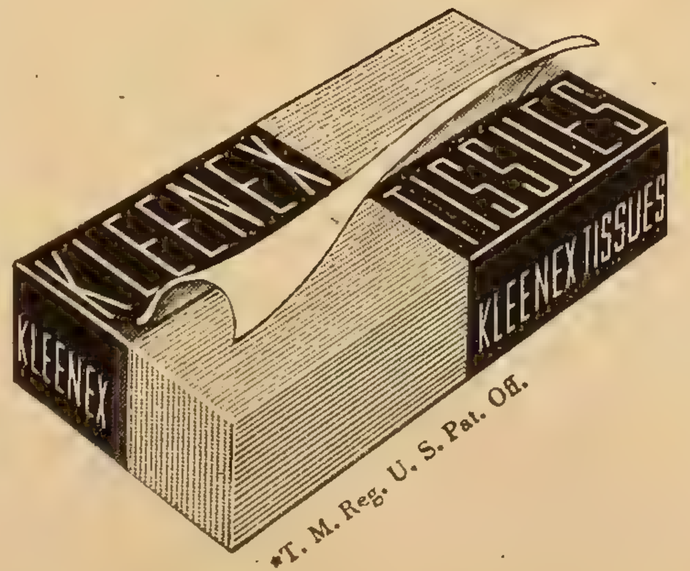

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Fred Robbins Right Off the Record

Continued from page 38

the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer Research. Bravo! (Columbia)

ELLA FITZGERALD: "Oh, Lady Be Good," "Flyin' Home"—Whee-e-e! Puddles of purple passion! The queen of 'em all comin' on like the Hound of the Baskervilles on a coupla great scat sides made long ago but just out. After these knock you out, you'll realize why Ella's the singer's favorite singer. Gal uses her voice like an instrument and gets rid of some of the most wonderful stuff you've ever sopped up. Makes you glad you've got ears. Grab it quick, Dick, 'cause it's a classic sure as this is SCREENLAND, my favorite movie mag. (Decca)

JOHNNY MERCER AND THE PIED PIPERS: The Georgia Cracker's on the lacquer! Chirpin' 'bout a neighboring state's capitol where everything is classy, "Tallahassee." S'from Paramount's "Variety Girl." Get on the other side of J.M. and the Pipers for a revival 'bout the chick who'll never double dealya—"Cecelia"! Hey, does your mother know you're out, Cecelia? How about you, Bedelia? *Et vous,* Ophelia. And you too, Amelia! T'will stealya! (Capitol)

GEORGIA GIBBS: Her nibs gets rid of a mean lyric set to the jazz classic, "Ballin' The Jack." Georgia'll gorge ya with this, Sis. Really butters your hearing aid. First you put your left foot over here, then you put the other way out here. Then you "Ball the Jack." See? You've caught Ga. all summer with Dave Rose on the Eddie Cantor summer replacement show. Give Miss Gibbs a twist for some honey from "Welcome Stranger," "As Long As I'm Dreaming." Tasty pastry! (Majestic)

JOHNNY DESMOND: M-m-m *voici* the Creamer! Hope you saw Desmo with Ray Anthony and F.R. in the Columbia short, "Thrills of Music." Well, this is J.D.'s freshest cookie and 'tis liquid and silky. The Page Cavanaugh trio lays down the sharps and flats and Johnny turns on the pipes for a brace of beauties, "Just Plain Love," and "If It's True." (He may be singin' in London by the time you see this). Hit me with a moonbeam and call me electronic! (Victor)

MARGARET WHITING: Oh, clap feet! A whole fat album of the appealing squealing of my pet bon bon, Maggie. Wherein she wraps those lovely tonsils all around some gorgeous Rodgers and Hart tunes. S'called "Margaret Whiting sings Rodgers and Hart." And HOW she does! *Avec* distinction, warmth and dreelsprail. The latter, 'specially. There's "I Didn't Know What Time It Was," "My Romance," "My Heart Stood Still," "This Can't Be Love," "Little Girl Blue," "My Funny Valentine," "Lover" and "Thou Swell." And thou art, Maggie. Loveya! (Capitol album BD 51)

COUNT BASIE: The kid from Red Bank, New Jersey, and a barrel of bounce. I mean the bounce that counts. Taps Miller. Ted Donnelly and the Basie crew go rockin' on "I Ain't Mad at You," with some infectious scat by Taps. Flip spots some vocal gushing by Jimmy Rushing, about "The Jungle King," but nothing much happens. First side's the better. (Victor)

LOUIS PRIMA: The man who plays pretty for you the people is cast as "Luigi" and his distaff chirp—Cathy Allen—as "Cecelia" in the title song from his new pancake of the same name. Very cacchetori! Miss Allen is yallen all by herself on the other cheek—"There's That Lonely Feeling Again." Sweet on the audio flap. (Majestic)

FRANK SINATRA: "I Have But One Heart," "Aintcha Ever Comin' Back." Si, si, the senor from Hoboken bakes a bi-lingual baritone into his latest waffle, soulfully breathing, "I Have But One Heart" in two tongues for the price of one—English and Italian. Comes from the folk song, "O Marenariello." A nice aria, Maria, by Nancy's daddy. First thing you know, the Met'll be after him. Turn around, Franklin—we wanna dig the one you made with the Pied Pipers, by special permission of Capitol Records, "Aintcha Ever Comin' Back, Aintcha." Super mellow, fellow. Memories of the days with T.D. (Columbia)

DINAH SHORE AND WOODY HERMAN: You think Nancy's daddy has a monopoly on Mrs. Montgomery. "Move over, thin one, and lemme put my arm around her," says Woodrow, "we wanna couple up, too." And they do. And go together like cherry and coke and copy of SCREENLAND. Once more Fla.'s Chamber of Commerce shows its pearly teeth as Dinah and Woody point their southwards toward "Tallahassee." You can smell the hoe cake, hominy and sassaffras tea! T'other cheek's real cute. Philosophy, hey! "The bigger the fish is the harder it is to catch—" NATCH: "The sweeter the berry, the thicker the berry patch—" NATCH! Dinah and Woody—onto them be sure to latch—NATCH! Be you spinster or batch! (Columbia)

DICK HAYMES: "Je Vous Aime," "Stranger Things Have Happened." Every time Richard opens that mouth out comes more caramel, *ma cherie,* these two lumps from "Copacabana." Buddy Clark and Andy Russell also made the first side. Trying for another "Mamselle." (Decca)

DINAH SHORE: Honest, this Mrs. Montgomery makes you wish for 4 ears for hearing and 6 hands for clapping! Curls her silken throat around Al Jolson's sequel to the "Anniversary Song," another lovely waltz, "All My Love." Comes from a melody by Emil Waldteufel. He and Ivanovivi did pretty well this year. Dinah's got trouble on the back, "I'm Gonna Wait a Little Longer for That Never-On-Time Baby of Mine." Was s'posed to meet him at quarter to seven, here it is past nine. Should she wait or do you think it's a standup, Mr. Anthony? I think he's been diggin' this new cookie and couldn't break away. *Trés* cute and solid to boot. Two other goodies are "I'm So Right Tonight" and "I Wish I Didn't Love You So," with Sonny Burke laying down the background sharps and flats. Keep bakin' 'em, south'n gal, I'm still hungry! (Columbia)

VAUGHN MONROE: "Tallahassee," "I Wish I Didn't Love You So," "All of Me," "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame."—Vaughnie boy oils up the muscles of that he-man baritone aided and abetted by locomotive whistles and toots and stuff from the Moon Maids in another nod to Talla. Fla. Backside's from "Perils of Pauline," but the villain never made her dig stuff like this, or the other two, lucky gal. (Victor)

ALVINO REY: Hey! Somebody left the faucet on! I can't stand that sound—"Bloop, bleep, bloop, bleep—call the plumber! I can't sleep!" All I can do is count movie stars—Lana, Rita, *bloop bleep,* Esther, Hedy, *bloop bleep,* Ingrid, Jennifer—somebody shut it off! Alvino, you do it! Rocky Coluccio, piano man in the band, turns it on, the vocal I mean, in Frank Loesser's new novelty which is probably wearing you out, drop by drop. T'other side of this spigot pours out lots of that Rey guitar in samba rhythm. He could leave the faucet on all the time if this kind of stuff comes out. (Capitol)

WOODY HERMAN: That water's still bloopin' and bleepin' and Woody's version is *trés* cute. He, too, is sleepless. Musta been that clam soup he had. Flipover's a valid ballad, "Baby, Come Home," 'bout a lonesome guy pleadin' for his chick to return to their domicile. Probably to fix that spigot! (Columbia)

MEL TORME: Ah-h-h, another ladleful of butterscotch by the Velvet Fog, who just completed a smash engagement at New York's famed Copacabana, Anna, and gave everyone Tormé poisoning. His pix for MGM, "Good News," will be unreeling any day now and the blond boy does three songs in it. On this pancake, the little wow wraps that wonderfully foggy larynx around "One For My Baby" and "A Little Kiss Each Morning." Sheer witchery! You'll be digging a little Tormé each day. (Musicraft)

LES BROWN: "Sentimental Journey." The kid of renown is carrying a fresh album around with him on his journey around the eagle's nest these days, which is not sentimental at all. The journey, I mean. Title comes from Les' record-smashing cookie with Doris Day, who's a big mo'om picture star now. You'll soon dig her in the new Technicolor picture "Romance in High C." And that's just one cracker in the album, Lum. There's Butch Stone *avec* the truism, "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," "Twilight Time," "Bizet Has His Day," "Mexican Hat Dance," "Leap Frog," Les' theme; "Out of Nowhere," and newie, "Daybreak Serenade." Nice addition to your wax library, Mary. (Coumbia C 131)

TONY MARTIN : Come with me to the Casbah! There we will glim Tony Martin as *Pepe Le Moko,* with that nice bit of scenery in any country, Yvonne de Carlo, doing Hedy's part. I'm not just woofin'. Tony has formed his own movie company to do a musical version of "Algiers," dears. He's warming up the eppiglottus with his newest wafer, "Too Marvelous for Words," and "Aintcha Ever Comin' Back." Pleasant, peasant. *(Victor)*

HOT!!

BILLIE HOLIDAY: "More Than

You Know," "Sugar"—Hooray for Columbia! Another great reissue by Lady Day! Didn't even know she made 'em, but are they welcome! "Sugar" is the old Dixieland tune done in the tasteful tempo of "Miss Brown to You" and "What a Little Moonlight Can Do." Lady'll knock you out on "More Than You Know." Puts water on your knees! An all-star group including Teddy Wilson, Benny Goodman and others are behind Billie on these. Then there's her Commodore cookie of "I'm Yours" and "My Old Flame." Whatta good deal, Neil! There's Eddie Heywood on piano, Doc Cheatham, trumpet, Lem Davis, alto sax, Vic Dickenson, trombone, John Simmons, bass, and Big Sid Catlett, drums. Teddy Walters plays guitar on "My Old Flame." (He's the singer in "Thrills of Music" with F.R. and Boyd Rayburn and his orchestra. Look for it, incident.) Billie's like peanuts. More you eat, more you want. Just watch for a whole albumful of cookies by Miss Holiday. T'will be reviewed next month. These'll warm you up. (Columbia and Commodore)

IKE QUEBEC: Lend that hearing flap to the delicious tenor sax of Ike Quebec in his new Blue Note albumful of six goodies. Whatta warm tone, rich and sensitive. Great guys along with him, too. Jonah Jones, trumpet; Tyree Glenn, trombone; Roger Ramirez, piano, Oscar Pettiford, bass; and J. C. Heard, drums; 'Keg' Johnson, trombone; Tiny Grimes, guitar; Grachan Moncur, bass; Buck Clayton, trumpet; Dave Rivera, piano; Nap Allen, guitar; Milton Hinton, bass. Different groups on different sides. Ike is magnificent on two slow, soulful solos, "If I Had You" and "Dolores," and comes on like my new Buick on "Topsy," "Cup-Mute Clayton," which spots the trumpet man of the same name, "Hard Tack," and "Sweethearts on Parade." Ike's a fine artist and these biscuits are worth an honored place on your shelf, elf. (Blue Note album 102)

MUGGSY SPANIER AND HIS RAGTIMERS: Latch on to that biting horn of Muggsy Spanier, finding itself in very good company on this *noveau* bit of fine rutted wax. There's Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Miff Mole on trombone; Boomie Richmond, tenor sax; Eddie Condon, guitar; Gene Schroeder, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; and George Wettling, drums. All go for a nice ride on "Riverside Blues" and "Rosetta." (Commodore)

NELLIE LUTCHER: "The Lady's in Love with You," "Hurry on Down." Meet Nellie Lutcher, another new Capitol recording star on its Americana label, Mabel. She takes over the joint lock, stock, and barrelhouse, just she, her tonsils, and her piano. Play these at least twice before you make up your little mind, 'cause this chick's much different than anything you've dug in eras. Then, wham! It getscha like the witches got Macbeth—infectious, humorous, delightful! Knocks me out! (Capitol)

DUKE ELLINGTON—THE ELLINGTON SPECIAL: Come and grab it, Duke fans. I mean you millions. Brand new album of Ellingtonia, Caledonia, and it wants to ownya, and *vice versa*. Exciting news for jazz fans, 'cause these cookies have never been issued before

Roy Rogers greets Allan "Rocky" Lane on set.

and every one's a classic. They were waxed in the early and middle thirties when Duke's band was at its peak. There's "Tough Truckin" and "Indigo Echoes" by the sextet—Rex Stewart, Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, Duke, Wellman Braud and Billy Taylor—and "T.T. ON Toast," "I Don't Know Why I Love You So," "Blue Mood," "Delta Bound," vocal by Ivy Anderson, "Clouds in My Heart" and "Slippery Horn," by the whole band. Hats off to Columbia for making these rare etchings available. Keep 'em coming! (Columbia C 127)

JULIA LEE: "Porter's Love Song," "Since I've Been With You." 'Nother gal who sings and plays—Julia Lee from Kansas City—completely different from Nellie Lutcher, but just as knocked out and 'gone.' The "Porter's Love Song," the one he sings to the chambermaid, is one of James F. Johnson's many compositions and the flip's a ballad with Miss Lee getting way down under this one, right from the floor, Eleanor. Gal's wonderful! (Capitol)

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY:

And where is your letter, hey? Don't tell me there's nothing you want to ask about singers, musicians and bands and the records they bake. Well, come on, lay some linen on me. Knock it to F.R. c/o SCREENLAND, and the best ones'll be answered right on these pages. I'm waitin! Here's one from a good rascal:

Dear Fred,

What's Johnny Long's theme song? He's my favorite bandleader. What's his home town, is he married and who's his girl singer? And is she married?

Sincerely,
Frances Long, Wooster, Ohio

Dear Fran,

Whatta lotta info you want. S'all right, tho, I love it. Just fire away. "Shanty in Old Shanty Town" is J. L.'s theme, on a Decca record, he's from Charlotte, N. C., and is chained to a former Conover model. His canary is Francey Laine, a dilly of a filly who's still playing the field. Write to General Artists Corp., N.Y.C., for Johnny's itinerary. They'll tellya.

Recordially, F.R.

Dear Fred,

Tony Martin sends me. Hear he's recording for a new company. Can you help me out?

Sincerely,
Ann Fowler, Aberdeen, Miss.

Dear Ann,

He used to wax for Mercury, but is now with Victor, and his latest cookie was reviewed a page or two back. Gives you goose bumps when he sings, *n'est ce pas?*

Recordially, F.R.

Dear Fred,

Enjoyed your short with Johnny Desmond, "Thrills of Music," and want some more info about him. I've been following his career since he was singing with the Army Air Force Band, but before that, what? Also, what are his new cookies? Thanx for the swell pix of Desmo in your column. It's the first I've seen since he let his hair grow.

As ever,
Miriam Busch, Ozone Park, L. I.

Dear Miriam,

'Twas kicks working with Johnny in "Thrills of Music" and I hope you watch for the next one with Boyd Rayburn and Teddy Walters and F.R.

Before the war, Johnny was the featured vocalist with Gene Krupa's orchestra. 'Member? His newest record is reviewed a coupla pages back. Go back and read it. You don't want me to repeat myself, do you?

Recordially, F.R.

Dear Fred,

I bought the "Duel in The Sun" album and love the song *Lewt* sings, "Nights are long, oh so long on the prairie," etc. Is there a recording of that by Tony Martin? Who did make it if he didn't? And where can I buy "Heaven Can Wait" and "You Showed Me The Way," which were popular about 1938?

Sincerely,
Jeanne Smith, Progress, Penna.

Dear Jeanne,

The song *Lewt* sings is "Gotta Get Me Somebody to Love" and was made by Tommy Dorsey with Stuart Foster singing. Don't think Tony did it on record. But lots of people did and your nearest jump dump has 'em. "Heaven Can Wait" and "You Showed Me The Way" were waxed by T. D. and Jack Leonard way back, and certainly were great! Best thing to do is haunt all the wax works you can and hope for the best. Maybe Victor'll reissue these one of these days.

Recordially, F.R.

And that's the mail, Gail. What's your pleasure, treasure? Well, lemme hear from you or I'll hit you with my beanbag. Address Fred Robbins, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th Street, New York City, N. Y. We'll answer everything from when Louis Armstrong was born to who was Vaughn Monroe's singing teacher. Don't forget to dig the Columbia Record Shop every week as well as the Teentimers' Club, with Gordon MacRae and F.R., and "Thrills of Music" at your local theater shortly. See you back here next month. Take it slow.

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King Cotten

Continued from page 45

I murmured something inane in answer to this oddly philosophical statement and a little further on when we came to a terrace, Mr. Cotten said, "I built both the walls and this terrace, but something went wrong when I mixed the cement. See that line right down the center of the terrace floor? The cement dried a different color halfway across and it looks terrible. Someday I'll have to do something about it."

Mr. Cotten contemplated the terrace he built with his own hands, those same hands that have held Jennifer Jones', Ingrid Bergman's and Loretta Young's, while I contemplated Joseph Cotten the movie lover as both a handy man around the house and a perfectionist. It's a startling combination.

After three minutes of silence Mr. Cotten, with an invitation to go indoors, opened a door behind us and we walked into a beautiful, long and restful living room. Of Spanish descent, a tremendous fireplace rose to the ceiling, and all across one end of the room, there were nothing but bookcases.

With the entrance of the master into the house, things started happening. A colored butler slid in and out with a bowl of ice, a black cat with four white feet jumped into my lap, and my host started mixing martinis. While he slowly stirred the drinks he proceeded to tell me the history of his cat, of whom he is very fond.

"You know cats aren't really cold and heartless, Miss Pritchett. They just don't care about anyone. They use people, and hate to have fun made of them. Cats don't think much of people." With this statement Mr. Cotten, still wearing his baseball cap, (of which he is also very fond) walked over to a deep red couch and settled himself. "Our cat was named Leone and then we had the shock of our lives. We discovered she is a man! Now we try to call her Leo to restore her masculine pride, but we never quite succeed.

"We have an Irish setter, too, who is very polite," he continued. "He speaks to everyone." With that an Irish setter named Jack came into the room and spoke to me so I considered that I was "in."

Joseph Cotten, other than displaying great handy man talents out of doors, is a person who notices everything about a house inside. He told of how, upon moving into this house, the room we were sitting in was upside down. It had a beige floor and dark ceiling. He experimented, and after painting the beams with light, powdery paint, wiped the paint off and the ceiling came out pickled. "But now it looks too much like a leopard skin," he said, and proceeded to take a sip of his drink.

While he sat across from me, I thought what a long way this good-looking and abrupt man had come. Straight out of the land below the Mason Dixon line, the same country where "Short'nin' Bread" is queen, to Miami this blond boy went. Here he displayed any number

of varied talents from selling potato salad to working on a leading newspaper. When Miami no longer satisfied him, he hied himself to New York to be an actor or die in the attempt. Up in the big city his shoes wore a little thin of sole, but eventually after good and bad breaks, Hollywood called to him and placed him on the top of the heap.

So, after all of this travelling along the rocky road to success, there he sat in the house he's rebuilding, pushing his beloved cap forward and then back off the curly hair that many a feminine movie-goer has longed to run her fingers through.

Mr. Cotten is one of the most self-possessed and assured men in Hollywood. Some term this great self-confidence conceit, but it isn't. He merely knows what he has and what it's worth, which is not conceit, just good business. After all, he is his own product.

He speaks slowly and deliberately, looking at you all the time with a direct and amused expression. Beyond all this, he has a sense of humor that is so dry at times, you feel as if he's about to laugh at you. At times I think he does! He is a charmer, this curly-headed ex-potato salad salesman.

Mr. Cotten is also a frustrated radio lover. I say frustrated because being a movie star doesn't permit him to work on the radio as much as he would like to. I casually mentioned the fact that I liked his latest "Suspense" show on which he is a regular performer, and then for two hours I listened.

His great love for radio was caused when earlier in his life after the potato salad spell and a bit of paint selling, the air waves bought his bread and butter. Of this time in his career, Joe Cotten says he had been broke so long he didn't remember whether nickels were round or square.

In telling the story in his own amusing fashion, he said, "I was the first real stock company of radio. It was called the School of the Air, and the cast all turned out to be top people. Agnes Moorehead, Richard Whorf, myself, only to mention a few, were the regulars. Every day we did a different show until CBS put the show off the air.

"Out here 'Suspense' is one of my favorite shows because I love those gruesome mysteries, especially if the story has a silly touch to it. The other day I did one and the touch was so foolish it made the show twice as horrible. I killed a man and then being a nice person at heart, I wished the corpse a 'Merry Christmas'."

As he talked I realized how perfect his voice was for a villain. There is a very interesting dead and cold quality to the tone that comes over the air in a way to scare the quills off a porcupine. In person, the broad grin that flashes on and off his features takes the killer quality away.

Getting back to radio, Mr. Cotten acted out one of his favorite parts. He once had to play the part of two brothers and so two microphones were needed to give the proper affect. The audience was kept outside, for the entire illusion would have been spoiled if they could have seen what went on inside the studio. It looked like a race between Joseph Cotten and Joseph Cotten.

In the final act the brothers had to have a fight with each other. To accomplish this Joe ran back and forth from one mike to the other. In the first mike he would say in a snarling voice, "Take that, you so-and-so!" A run across stage to the other mike and Joe as brother number two would gasp, "Ouch!" After a hundred-yard dash to mike number one, Joe as the first brother would say, "You're choking me!" Across stage again at a tear and Joe as brother number two would yell, "That's just what I mean to do." To say the least it was a confusing part, and Joe was carried off-stage having won the title for the fastest race in radio—against not only time, but himself.

You see it was long ago that Joseph Cotten decided to be an actor, and the road he took was a winding one. He stopped off to play professional football at $25.00 per game, and when in Miami organized a little theater group that caused lots of comment. As he so aptly put it, "Working on the paper at the same time, it was a cinch to get good reviews for my plays."

Several years later, after Joe had married Leonore Kip, he met the man from Mars, Orson Welles, and from there things started picking up. Welles wanted Joe to play in the fabulous "Citizen Kane" and so the Cottens moved West. He did *Kane* and even through the makeup of a seventy-year-old man, something that caused female hearts to palpitate came through. From there you know the story. David Selznick grabbed him and from that moment, Joe Cotten rode the top of the waves, with Selznick as his surfboard.

Joe is the proud owner of a Lincoln convertible that he holds dear to his heart for a strange reason. It has a button on the floor that controls the car radio, and when the button is pushed, it short circuits the radio. Much as he loves radio, he hates the commercials, so the minute he hears the soft tones of an announcer, the button is pushed and Joe continues in peace.

Once and only once, he and his wife heard a commercial and fell for it, but only because the announcer said as little as possible. They heard him one night and felt that he had been so polite about his sponsor, that the least they could do was buy the product. They did, and it was very good coffee.

At this point, having realized the time had come for me to take myself home to my typewriter, Joseph Cotten evidently had arrived at the same idea. He started talking about dreams, which is about as subtle a hint that it's bedtime as when your grandfather comes downstairs and winds the clock. He is fascinated with dreams, particularly if you are murdered, or choked in your sleep, or something good and gruesome like that.

Speaking of dreams, his plans for the future include a play in New York in three years. First he has to do six pictures, but undoubtedly after that, Hollywood still won't want to part with him.

I hated to, for this man is really an individual. He loathes second-rate scripts, people, and plays. Bad similies drive him to distraction, fans confuse him, and the personal publicity given movie stars he considers entirely unnecessary.

Tennis takes up lots of Mr. Cotten's time and since Alfred Hitchcock gave him a domino set, he has taken to that game, too. Hollywood parties seldom get his attendance but he is ready for a good time as fast as the next person. He prefers small groups of intelligent people where good conversation holds sway, not idle chatter. An amateur magician, Orson Welles isn't the only one who has sawed Rita Hayworth apart. Joe had his hand on the other end of the saw!

Mr. Cotten is one of Hollywood's few enigmas, for he will snarl one minute and smile with the innocent delight of a child the next. He can be lover or villain, which to say the least is confusing, for you never know whether you will get slapped or kissed—in pictures, I mean. Though he talks a lot, little of himself reaches your ears for he cherishes his personal privacy. Horses are his pet hate and despite his dress that day, other times he's a picture of satorial splendor.

Maria and "That Man"

Continued from page 25

Maria. Readers, the trick, even according to eager scenters of Hollywood marital discord, seems to have been accomplished with enviable sentimental values, plus Gallic wit and dash. When Maria beams at her life escort, with his superb war record, his topflight screen popularity, and *that personality*, she looks—and she will laugh delightedly at this—as naïvely adoring as a schoolgirl.

Soon movie-goers will see this pair of real-life romancers on the screen in the out-of-this-world story of the re-discovery of a lost continent ruled by a Queen who is the essence of evil—not knowing evil from good—and also (Dennis O'Keefe is a third co-star with an excellent rôle) unfolding the saga of Jean Pierre as the Queen's fatalistically attracted lover.

Maria will be a clothes-horse for a change, wearing fourteen practically priceless gowns—splendor is the word for them—as Queen of the re-discovered continent. Her costumes in that royal rôle—Maria describes them as "covering but revealing"—will prove a welcome change from the open-work, or less, gowns of the old-style Montez Technicolor walk-around, but twice as glamorous.

Before we go into recent news about Montez, including the August-released "Pirates of Monterey" and her all-important break as co-star with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Exile"—and even before we chat with That Man, Aumont, and let him talk a little for himself—let's refresh our memories about Maria herself.

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survive any kind of experience. No press agent invented that she became gravely ill in Paris; went through the London Command Performance before the British Royal Family in agony that would have stopped any lesser person, and, as an aftermath, came within an ambulance bell of dying in New York.

"Quiet—quiet and rest," the doctors had told her when they reluctantly let her plane West from New York, but what she had been through showed only in that she was white, still white, lacking her usual asset of natural high color.

While we talked, more than eighteen visitors came in and out. The Aumonts had assumed, and still assume, that every Frenchman, especially actors or pals of Jean Pierre, own the right to a species of foothold in a home in Hollywood—the Aumont home.

That time when Maria had had to freshen her normal appearance of exuberance, was only 48 hours after she reached Hollywood from an operation that would have terrified anyone less equipped with Maria's self-confidence and *joie de vivre*.

Producer Seymour Nebenzal had taken one look at his returned star and postponed for two weeks the beginning of "Atlantis," for which his hospital-case actress had insisted on hurrying to the Coast.

And what had the lady been doing before she came home twenty minutes late for a 4:30 appointment with your reporter? Having a four-hour lunch with Nebenzal, talking her head off—and his, no doubt—about *her* ideas of her rôle in "Atlantis." And how had she spent that morning? She had modeled the twenty-seven Paris gowns she had brought back, for the private oh's and ah's of a friend, Myrna Loy. And, on the very day she arrived, four hours after her plane landed, she had modeled the same ensembles: hats—*Mon Dieu!*— stockings, shoes and accessories, for another chum, Merle Oberon. No one ever needs to let his imagination soar about Maria. Her vitality, her zest for life, her indomitability, are so vivid that they outglow invention.

Of the eighteen or more people who drifted in and out while we talked, I acquired, in a scrambled way, the impression that no less than twelve were house guests. This Continental couple has outdone all traditions of Hollywood Open House.

Among the visitors I met—he came in toward the end, with Jean Pierre himself—was Louis Jourdan, the black-haired, very masculine Frenchman whose still pictures in the magazines have fluttered feminine hearts. And, of course, in and out, darted Maria's attractive sisters, Consuela, Lucita and Adita.

Maria was disappointed because your reporter wouldn't let her personally fetch from upstairs a bottle of rare Scotch she had brought from Europe "for some special visitor." (That old-young Montez line never falters.) She used all her exotic accent, which she has been too smart to outgrow and which the trip abroad seemed even to have freshened up.

What did we talk about? About Maria, of course! One of her charms is that she thinks life is wonderful, that everything in it is wonderful, and that most wonderful is that she should gyrate in the gayest and busiest midst of it, and that *she* should be the wonderful Maria she is. This is not a built-up personality. She exuberantly admires herself—for justinable reasons—and nobody minds, and everyone joins in and admires her, too.

When I said I'd like coffee Maria took coffee, too, served from a venerable silver pitcher, with a beautiful matching service. Maria, still showing effects, told with dramatic gestures and postures about the operation that almost cost her life. "Pierre and I were staying up all night, every night, in Paris," she explained with her disarming frankness, "and, daytimes, one excitement mixed with another. It's hard to keep up with your husband in a crowd of thousands when they are carrying him on their shoulders." She laughed with the assurance of someone who can spare a crowd or two to someone else, and the note sounded in her laughter that she loved the man who relegated her to second place in Paris, and was proud that his countrymen had honored him. "It probably did me good," she added, making a little face, "to be a nobody awhile. It made me appreciate all the *wahn*derful publicity you *wahn*derful American newspapermen have given me." (We'll omit Maria's line to the press, from here on. It never wavers and the boys all like it!)

Paris, Maria said, was undergoing the vitamin craze, just like America, and a physician told her she should take shots because of her day-and-night living pace. "The last shot I was given in Paris must have been with a poorly sterilized needle. A swelling started almost at once. I was in great pain. And do you know where that shot had gone home?" She rose, with the instantaneous, almost panther-like grace with which Maria emerges from a chair, and walked quickly across the small room and back, "modelling" where the disfiguring shot had landed. "Imagine!" she said. "*Me!* Deformed *there!*"

The day after the disastrous injection, Maria had to fly back to London for the Command Performance. She could hardly fit herself into her girdle and skirt, but she kept her sense of drama. At the airport she announced suddenly and with great emphasis—she says everything emphatically: "I cannot fly! I am a mother. I have no right to take the risk." Jean Pierre gave evidence of character, so useful with Maria—in a man she'll let apply it. He said, "Get in!"

The day in London was a woeful one, even for the undepressible Maria. Not one of her Paris gowns, she was informed, could she wear to the Command Performance. Royalty had decreed that everything be simple. Maria scurried about London with her valuable anatomy hurting like perdition, and *bought* something simple.

"And you talk about American autograph seekers!" she said. "I was in a grimy little hotel, lying on my bed, just suffering, waiting for the agony of dressing for that so-important night. I hurt so much I couldn't bear even a slip over my body. And into my bedroom flung two young girls who wanted autographs. I didn't mind too much the intrusion—

but me, Montez, being seen in *that* shape!"

The tale of that night's wild crowd, the tumultuous difficulty of getting into the Empire Theater, the great events themselves, crowded the world's news dispatches. Maria appeared as The Technicolor Era and in a comedy sketch. Jean Pierre made a long talk—and how he hates them! And then the pair with other stars were presented to Their Majesties and the Royal Family. Maria remembers, "That curtsy hurt me more than any other pain I ever suffered." Like everyone who has met Princess Elizabeth, Maria and Jean Pierre were charmed with her.

Maria and Jean Pierre sailed the next day. All across, the agony continued; the ship's surgeon said the patient needed an operation, but he didn't feel it should be performed until Maria reached New York. In New York, still trying determinedly to keep her Hollywood starting date with Producer Nebenzal for "Atlantis," she taxied to a hotel instead of to a hospital as ordered. The hotel physician exceeded the ship's doctor in recognizing urgency. He called for an ambulance, and Maria was operated on within twenty minutes after she was carried on a stretcher from the hotel. "They drew from me," she said, "nearly a pint of material not pleasant to mention. The doctors said that in another twenty-four hours the result would have been blood poison, all through my system." Considerable infection had spread through the Body Beautiful. Maria added—a terrific admission from her—"I really don't feel as strong as usual."

In the New York hospital Maria underwent four blood transfusions, then planed for Hollywood on the fifth day. She saw no reason why a near-fatal illness should immobilize her when she was supposed to go somewhere.

Maria still wore bandages—thin as possible—the day we talked. *Petits-fours* were brought in and when Maria declined, I asked, with reportorial disregard for feminine pride, "Reducing?"

"Always I have to take off five pounds before a picture," she explained. "The camera en-*larges* you. And then, anyway, I take care of myself. I have a model's figure and I intend to keep it." She got up and did the quick grand tour of the small room again—across and back—modelling all the way the "model's figure."

The impression of Maria as a wholly self-centered person vanishes entirely when she is in the presence either of her baby or her husband. (Some young mother will have to answer for herself which of the two loves should be ranked first—that ancient and senseless argument.) Maria Christina, now dazzling in her second year, has the dark hair (pardon me, Mrs. Aumont, if your locks are different right now) that used to be the other Maria's. And the flashing brown eyes. Your reporter pronounced the new Maria twice as good-looking as her mother, and added a question: "How are you going to feel sixteen years or so from now when this number steals the spotlight, and the admiring young men look at you—maybe—a trifle less quickly than they do at her?"

Nothing gives Maria pause. With the very warmest Montez smile, she solved the problem: "You jus' say in the article," she suggested as with absolute confidence of fulfillment, "that I was married at thirteen. It will come in handy later—only a leetle lie."

Yet you can never imagine Maria being jealous of this flashingly beautiful daughter with the combined personalities of her mother and Jean Pierre. "She receives fan mail already," Maria said proudly, "from all over the world! And she thinks all men are *wahn*derful." Maria asserts one moment that her hard work, unparalleled self-promotion with the press and sticking so long with pictures that were money-makers only—with artistic value as scant as her raiment—has been motivated because she thinks acting is "so much fun" and "it makes me *happee* that millions of people like me enough to come to see me on the screen over and over." Frank about her practicality, she added, almost with a gesture of prayer: "I hope they never stop liking me." Yet, of the baby, a breath later, she said, "I do not want my daughter to be an actress. It is too tough. The life is too hard. Never a let-up!"

Jean Pierre, who came in late with the imported sensation, Louis Jourdan—a pair strikingly handsome in contrast, Jean Pierre with his unruly blond hair and blue eyes and Jourdan all dark, marked by leanness and an air of vitality—doesn't care what the baby later decides. "She'll do what she chooses, anyway," he gave final judgment. "She already bosses the house."

That's a long speech for Jean Pierre Aumont, late lieutenant of the Free French Forces in Tunisia, Italy and the H-hour, V-day landing near Marseilles in Southern France. His right knee took a fragment of an '88 shell during the Marseilles area landing, but he received almost immediate attention and miraculously escaped the continuing trouble that knee injuries so often induce. He has the Croix de Guerre with two palms (each representing an additional citation for bravery), but it required an hour's talk one later afternoon, about plays, books and François Villon, to create enough confidence so that your reporter could dig that fact out. Jean Pierre related also, that second time I saw him, and for a reason that came out during the telling, a much narrower escape from death. He and General Diego Brosset, whom he greatly admired, were riding, alone, in a jeep in the Vosge sector. The general, driving, swerved to avoid a suddenly indicated mine field at a bridge, and the jeep up-ended down a ravine. The general was killed. The reason that Jean Pierre, reticent about almost everything, and especially about his war service, told this story came out naturally and appealingly. He brought from the top of a nearby book-case a picture of his general receiving a decoration from General de Gaulle, and showed it with a boyish-seeming pride, pointing, too, to some half-inch snapshots of himself with his general. A man, this Aumont, given to loyalties.

Concerning Jean Pierre, as of the baby, Maria displays complete generosity of spirit. She gives him the bouquets, as

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when she talked of their Paris trip, and she quotes any bright saying of his with more pride than one of her own. That's one-man Maria!

Before he came to America and left again to join the Free French, Jean Pierre had served in the regular French Army—enlisting as a private—from August '39 to August '40, two months past the fall of France. To do that Army stint, he gave up a theatrical and movie career already brilliantly established. He had played on the stage in French versions of "Design for Living," "White Cargo," "Outward Bound," "As You Like It," "Pelleas and Melisande" and in works of the French dramatists, Sascha Guitry and Henri Bernstein. The play that put him at the top as a French star, however, was Jean Cocteau's "The Infernal Machine," in 1935, and French movie fans elevated him to top stardom for "Lac Aux Dames," in which he co-starred with the vivacious French girl well-known in the United States, Simone Simon.

Crossing the Atlantic the first time in July '41, Jean Pierre, his reputation as a fine actor having preceded him, played a season on the road with Katherine Cornell—an honor for a newcomer or any actor—in "Rose Burke." MGM soon signed him to a seven-year contract and starred him in "Assignment in Brittainy" and "Cross of Lorraine."

News of Free French African activity acted like a nettle under the young Parisian's skin and, restless, he enlisted and waited for his call.

Jean Pierre was in Club 21, in New York, with a party. Probably Gallic energy, plus being the self-reliant sort of man he is, made him enjoy loping downstairs on his own small errands—happening this time to be for cigarettes.

Maria, who had met the debonair Frenchman in Hollywood, at the type of party where forty guests are invited and 200 come, was definitely not impressed, because of her cosmopolitan background, by any of that hodge-podge influx. She was so busy that even the debonair Frenchman failed to register, except perhaps in the lively Montez subconscious.

But at Club 21, New York, the luncheon time when Jean Pierre cascaded downstairs, topped by what Maria still calls his "mop of blond hair," she did what she herself calls "clicked."

"I just saw him square those shoulders," she says, "and I told a couple of people with me—newspapermen, of course—'Boys, that's for me!'"

Hollywoodians in New York have a camaraderie, and speak whenever they meet in the "Far East." Maria confesses she noticed that Jean Pierre picked up his cigarettes but left his matches on the counter. "'Allo," Maria offered. "Want a light?"

The meeting clicked with Jean Pierre, too, and she was waiting for the call, although she had an engagement with a very prominent director.

Maria says, "I was staying at the Sherry Netherland. I had a gold-looking silk dress I had been saving for something special. I put it on, with the thinnest girdle I had. Then I took the girdle off and pretended the gold dress was my wardrobe. We went to 21, of course, and

Rory Calhoun, current femme rave, in his best rôle to date—Pine-Thomas' Technicolor production, "Adventure Island," for Paramount. Rhonda Fleming and Paul Kelly are in scene with him above.

from that evening forward we haven't been apart a single day except when he was on foreign duty."

That gold-silk, sheathlike dress and the combined flash and potentiality for sweetness that *are* Maria did something permanent to Jean Pierre. They had the good luck to be ordered back from New York to Hollywood at the same time, and the courtship was Latin and fast, except that Jean Pierre, out of that shyness he has, hesitated to pop the actual question.

Beaux to Maria are as automatic as feminine admirers' plaudits to Jean Pierre, and a crack English flyer planed to Hollywood to see her. Jean Pierre, who had been waiting in his deceptively careful-appearing way to propose as a Frenchman formally would, learned about this fast-coming follower and he strode into Romanoff's, where the two were lunching, with much the same bearing he strode up the beachhead near Marseilles.

He didn't get any knee wound this time. He merely seized Maria by the elbow, and propelled her out. "If you think you are not engaged to me," he told her in a gay but unmistakable tone, "you are crazier than I thought even you could be." Maria went. (She had had a taste of authority from Jean Pierre once in awhile before, but had complied merely because of her natural attraction toward him.) She still feels badly about the British flyer!

Besides "Atlantis," which soon will be on screens, Jean Pierre and Maria have plans that could be carried out by top stars only. Jean Pierre felt that he would always be a typed player at Metro. He will have gone to England, before this article reaches print, and will have starred there in a picture as yet untitled. He has agreed—a sort of gentleman's agreement—to do three pictures for Seymour Nebenzal, the very brilliant producer who conceived and brought to life, "Atlantis." One of those three pictures will be "Mayerling," in which Charles Boyer co-starred with Danielle Darrieux—the most dramatic story in all royal history.

When Jean Pierre returns, he and Maria will co-star again—in "The Scarlet Feather." This is still in preparation but will be keyed to the dash and fast love-making that suits the Aumonts. The film will fulfill an old promise the two made to Producer Charles Rogers.

Jean Pierre also has a commitment to do a picture in Paris for Jean Cocteau, a young French modern, whose work both he and Maria admire. Jean Pierre's acting in a play of Cocteau's was a major jump in his (Jean Pierre's) leap to fame.

As for Maria, her commitments and partial commitments are so many and varied that it is impossible to select which will become fact. She is very happy—having escaped the Technicolor walk-arounds, though Hollywood legend puts the earnings of the poorest at $2,500,000 and says the best have hit as high as $5,000,000. One fact is certain. It is a modest guess that Maria now rates $100,000 a picture.

Maria's immediate screening, in "Pirates of Monterey," which should be already out by the time you read this, is a story of Old California, and her rôle has dramatic values. In "Atlantis" she plays perhaps the wickedest of all screen rôles—every actress' ambition. She has not set her heart on playing the tender and heart-moving royal sweetheart of Jean Pierre in "Mayerling"; she wants Producer Nebenzal to choose the feminine star he thinks will be best for the picture—and Jean Pierre.

This pair is the star couple in Hollywood to watch—the most brilliantly promising and the most intensely romantic husband-and-wife team on the screen.

History the Easy Way

Continued from page 37

Amber" aren't exactly Sunday school stuff? Such a picture still gives us, in minute detail, not only certain facets of the morals and customs of that day, but the costumes, the architecture, and the thoughts of some of the people. Those conditions of wantonness existed in that day among certain groups, even as they do today. Don't you think that points a moral? Don't you think the widespread self-indulgence prior to the fall of Rome reminds us that you can't live for physical things, for pleasure alone?

The care and research that goes into any historical picture is considerable. I'm producing "The Exile" at Universal-International Studios now. For months before production started, there was extensive research on the life and times of Charles II and Cromwell. Then we condensed this into the latter period of his exile, prior to the Restoration. For that one brief phase—not more than a few weeks is covered in the picture—we used material from over two dozen books; books which covered different parts of his life, his diaries, the reports of his enemies, the data compiled by his friends.

There are many different sides to history, depending on whose records we consult. So much depends on *who* is telling the story; if he was a friend or an enemy of the character of history. Charles II in "The Exile" is a man who loved wine, women and song, it's true. But he never was the bitter character his Puritan enemies painted him. Nor do we show the cynical Charles, depicted in his later years in "Forever Amber."

Sometimes, historians have a legitimate quarrel with Hollywood. They say we take too many romantic liberties, put too much sugar-coating on the pill. But you can't get most people to go to a movie whose sole purpose is education. Films are pictorial novels and, as novelists have to do, we have to pretty the setting, make it interesting, have the Boy meet the Girl, give the plot a dramatic and suspenseful construction. Dumas, a great historical novelist, never hesitated to take liberties—if they fitted the spirit of the story and the times. Somewhere along the line, the movie-goer, like the reader, will absorb the history of the times. It would be interesting to show how Charles II balanced the budget, how he built Britain into a great naval power, how, when Parliament wouldn't give him enough money to man his ships, he took the money out of his own pocket. It would be fun to show how he financed expeditions to America, when no one wanted to go. But all this would make a movie fifty hours long. It's too much to tell to make a good entertaining picture. If we did that, we'd find ourselves like the history text books, enumerating one fact after another. We wouldn't have enough film to give drama and impact to any particular part. Therefore, we can only take a section from his life and try to make him human and alive so that people will become interested in him.

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boy yarns you see. Until he was restored to the throne, he lived in extreme and abject poverty. Often he did not have enough to eat. He dressed in rags. Then, over-night, he was a king. He lived 100 years before his time. He was always pushing causes other ridiculed him for. He helped establish the freedom of the press. He was a born reformer, a liberal (for his times), a crusader. When he was restored and found that his views and paths were blocked by politics and intrigues, he often had moments of disillusionment, bitterness and frustration. That's the Charles Stuart of "Forever Amber." So don't think that one picture depicting him as a great man makes a liar of another film which shows him as a cynical ne'er-do-well. You see, no man stands still; every man learns, grows, succeeds, or is defeated. No man's story is the same at twenty as it is at fifty.

Moving picture research is meticulous. You know how so many people write in and complain if one little detail of a set is wrong? What these people don't realize is that if any flaws are present, they are probably intended to be present. If a mistake is made, it's generally done for dramatic effect. Very few mistakes slip by unnoticed.

This is logical when you consider the research involved. Take the matter of costumes. The designers just don't dream up those costumes out of their heads. There are thousands of books on different periods and times. In Westminster Abbey there is even a death mask of Charles taken ten minutes after he died. It's painted to look like him, and the likeness is wearing one of Charles' own costumes. For a picture, the figure is photographed in London, designers over here copy the costume; the makeup man copies the facial structure—and just one of the many details of research is completed.

Even sets are designed from old prints of the times. Photographs are taken of authentic museum pieces of silver and dishes. These photographs enable us to make exact reproductions. Furniture, desks, gardens—even small details like lamps or sealing stamps—are the result of this careful research. Talk about re-creating history!

No, when you think of it, this age with its wonderful heritage of motion pictures is a lucky and enlightened one. We learn to know the customs of our own country, in little outlying sections as well as the big cities. We *discover* America. Pictures like "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" show a way of life nine tenths of America does not know first hand. Pictures like "Gone with the Wind" depict the South's side of the Civil War more clearly than most of the routine comments in history books. This gives us understanding. This makes us know our country.

Even pictures which are not strictly historical can implant historical facts or customs in our minds. In "Ivy" the first flight across the English Channel is shown. In "Magnificent Doll" the manners, costumes, and times of Dolly Madison are presented. In "Song of Scheherazade" Philip Reed, as the arrogant prince, shows the snobbish feeling of the Russian nobility of that period. The ships, the sailors' uniforms, all these are authentic. Such things as these make us visualize countries and customs much more clearly. What if a light love story is the theme? You still leave the theater with greater knowledge of a certain era.

As for current history, we'll have records to hand down to the next generation that will be as clear and as analytical as a scientist's report. In the first place, we have documentary records of the war, taken by the Army and Navy. We also have such pictures as "The Beginning or the End," the story of the development of the atom bomb. We have the inside workings of the FBI in "The House on 92nd Street." If we saved every newspaper clipping, every document, we could not present the next generation with a more accurate picture of postwar America than "The Best Years of Our Lives." Pictures like that make me proud to be a party of this industry.

Whenever a big social problem arises, Hollywood tackles it. That's *social* current history. Alcoholism? We have "The Lost Weekend." A study of the treatment of insanity? We have such pictures as "Possessed" and "The Snake Pit." Intolerance? "Gentleman's Agreement" is in the making now. You see, history embraces not only yesterday but today. Today's news is tomorrow's history book.

There's biography. We know the stories of the invention of the telephone, of the wireless, of electric lights, of radium. We know them, painlessly, through the medium of the motion picture. The theatergoer didn't have to dig through volume after volume of material to ferret out the real and honest stories. The studios did it for him. Maybe there *is* love interest, a heavy sprinkling of romance. But don't forget love and romance aren't make-believe. Even famous people have their share. Dramatizing it is the cellophane on the package, and cellophane on a package makes the product more inviting. If we presented educational films in the absolute true sense of the word, people would stay away in droves.

Not that we should minimize the value of the educational documentary film. There are special audiences for it, and one of them is in our public schools. The Army and the Navy saw the value of teaching via motion pictures, and all of today's schools should be equipped for similar teaching technique. If the subject is Grieg, dramatize the life of Grieg with accompanying music. If the subject is art, photograph the great masterpieces in color in the various museums. Let a narrator give the history of the origin of such a picture as, for instance, The Blue Boy. If it is world affairs, let an honest picturization—of the March of Time type—be shown to students. There is an unlimited field for educational films.

Remember, though, that even after school days are over, movies continue to educate painlessly. Maybe you think you're going to see the love story of "Sister Kenny"? You'll also see a courageous fight against a dread disease. Maybe you think you're going to see a torrid romance in "Captain from Castile"? You'll also see the life and customs of another race, another era. Yes, the romance *is* the cellophane on the package. But the history is there for the seeing.

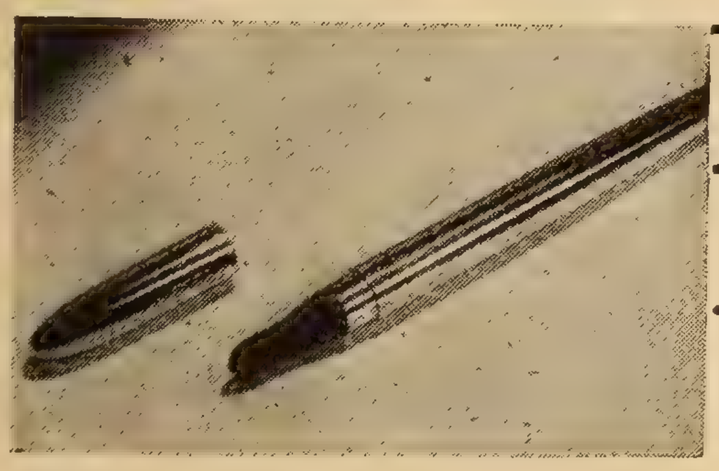
Guide To Glamor

You can bank on beauty with these new suggestions

Something new has been added to Drene making it more lathery, more conditioning and fragrant.

DuBarry Cologne has a fresh appealing aroma that you'll really go for in a big way. Try it.

An innovation by Dorothy Gray is a boon to the art of lip makeup. "Lip Shape" is the name of it.



THE pretty lass with the soapy head in the photo at the top of this page got first shot at the new improved Drene which Procter and Gamble is introducing. Three new features have been added to the old Drene, namely, more lathering qualities, a new delightfully fragrant perfume and extra hair conditioner. The new "suds booster" is a lift to the gal with oily hair because it lathers quicker and more abundantly. On the other hand, it's good for the dry-haired damsels because the added hair conditioning activity helps soften the tresses. So all in all, it's really an all-around shampoo for all types of hair. There are three sizes priced at 23 cents, 47 cents and 79 cents.

Every girl loves the luxury of a good cologne and DuBarry has one that you're bound to go for. It has a fresh, appealing fragrance that is just right for a cologne and comes in a good-looking bottle that's topped with a gold metal ball. Keep it in mind when you need a quick gift for a friend of yours. It's only $2.50 plus tax for a four ounce bottle.

Now here's a puzzle put out by Dorothy Gray—a lip brush that isn't a brush at all. Well, here's the story. Dorothy Gray has developed a new lip applicator which looks like a brush except that it hasn't any bristles. The tip is made of a rubber-like material so that you just rub the lipstick on and then make with the shape. It's called "Lip Shape" and can be cleaned easily with a piece of tissue. As you can see by the photo, the case looks like a slender pencil. Yes siree, quite a gadget for $1.50.

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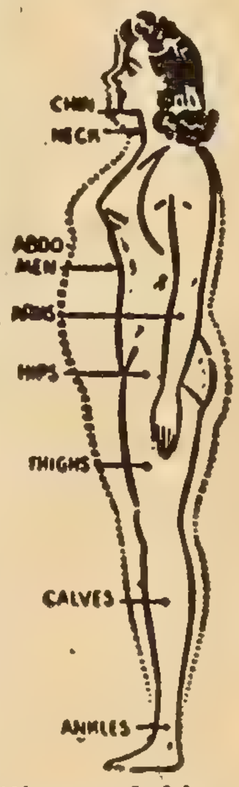

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Write for FREE TEST BOTTLE
Mention natural color of your hair. Send a post card today—BROWNATONE, Dept. 320, COVINGTON, KY.

Blessed Event Fashions

Continued from page 51

There's really plenty of excitement around the home of the Philip Yordans these days, for if the new addition hasn't arrived by the time you see this, it won't be long. Mrs. Philip Yordan is, in screen life, the lovely Marilyn Nash who completed her very first film rôle in Charlie Chaplin's "Monsieur Verdoux." Mr. Yordan is the playwright who wrote "Anna Lucasta."

Marilyn was in New York when we took photos you see on pages 50 and 51. We got her to pose between shopping sprees for miniature-sized fashions for her future offspring. It was a hot, sweltering day, but Marilyn held up under it like the trouper she is. Keep your eye on her, for we think she's going places.

And now for a word to you mothers-to-be. Why not take a tip from Marilyn and have fun during those precious months before the big event. Don't feel that you have to curtail all social events because of your condition. The right clothes can really make you look as beautiful as ever. Those pictured on pages 50 and 51 are specially designed so that you can also wear them when your figure gets back to normal, and they are a far cry from the old-style maternity dresses that lacked style and chic. If you are interested in learning where you can buy them in your city, just send a card requesting that information to the manufacturers listed below. They will send you all the information you need.

Slack suit
Page Boy Maternity Fashions
1505½ Elm Street
Dallas, Texas

Two-toned worsted jersey
Goldwasser Maternity Dresses
491 Seventh Avenue
New York 18, N. Y.

Jumper
Avorn, Inc.
251 West 40th Street
New York 18, N. Y.

White blouse
Fashion Blouse Co.
253 W. 35th Street
New York 18, N. Y.

Brown dinner dress
Goldwasser Maternity Dresses
491 Seventh Avenue
New York 18, N. Y.

Brown crepe street dress
Avorn, Inc.
251 West 40th Street
New York 18, N. Y.

White crepe gown
Page Boy Maternity Fashions
1505½ Elm Street
Dallas, Texas

Coro jewelry
Coro, Inc.
47 West 34 Street
New York 1, N. Y.

How's Your Smile?

Continued from page 16

so forth. Then, too, your smile could lack warmth because people bore you terrifically. Your whole trouble probably is that you haven't learned to enjoy yourself or those around you. You'll have to perk up, if this is the case, and start having some fun or else you'll wind up home alone where you won't have to smile at all. And that's not so good.

The best way to go about acquiring a pleasant smile is to know what makes a perfect smile. If you check, you'll probably find that the bewitching smile belongs to someone who has a happy disposition, is modestly satisfied that she looks and acts well, is fun to be with, enjoys life immensely, and who smiles with her eyes as well as with her mouth.

Note that I haven't mentioned teeth in the requisites for a pretty smile. Not that they aren't important. Far from it. But while I do consider them all important, I don't say they have to be perfectly straight to effect an attractive smile. In fact, I know many girls, and so do you, who have uneven teeth and yet their smiles are catching. No one notices that these girls do not have perfect teeth for the simple reason that they, themselves, just radiate charm.

While uneven teeth need not hinder a charming smile, dull, dingy teeth can mar even the most charming smile.

Brushing should take place twice a day. The brush should be substantially stiff depending upon your teeth and gums. If your gums are sensitive, then choose a brush with softer-quality bristles. Alternate by using two brushes, because they'll last longer that way. As to whether you should use a paste, powder or liquid type of dentifrice, that is entirely a matter of preference, for all three are excellent cleansers.

Experts often vary on the proper way to brush teeth. I understand the latest method is to hold the brush at an angle above the toothline, on the gum, and slowly twist the bristles toward the enamel of the teeth. Most dentists will agree, however, that it's best to concentrate on about two or three teeth at a time while cleaning and that the entire process should take about ten or fifteen minutes. The brushing should be followed by an antiseptic mouth wash to cleanse out any remaining particles of food. Dental floss is a great aid to cleaning between-teeth crevices, but should be used gently to avoid inflammation of the gums.

You may note at some time or another that your gums bleed easily. This could be due to many things. Either your diet needs sprucing with leafy and green vegetables, fruits and particularly orange

juice and milk, or you aren't brushing your teeth properly, or it may be that your occlusion, or "bite," isn't right. First, test the diet and brushing procedure, and if the condition doesn't clear up within a short time, waste no more time but see your dentist. (You should have a standing date with him every six months anyway.)

Gums need exercise, too, you know. So every so often give the back and front gums, above and below, a good massaging with your fingers and dentifrice. While we don't advocate loud and continuous gum chewing, it is excellent as a mouth exercise. Gum also serves as a refresher after meals when you haven't access to a toothbrush. Just chew quietly and throw the gum away after a short time and you won't be offensive.

It seems to me that I have covered pretty much of everything in my campaign for bigger and better smiles. Oh yes, I do want to say something about orthodontia. There are many people who think that all "teeth straightening" must be attended to during early school years. It is true that a faster job can be done then, but it is possible to have teeth straightened when you are older. Porcelain jackets are designed nowadays so that you can hardly tell them from the other teeth; color and shape are perfect.

But, as I said earlier in this epistle, irregularly-shaped teeth (provided, of course, they are clean and well cared for) need not spoil your smile. The main thing to remember is to be happy, for a happy disposition is mirrored on a smiling face and the person who has one is never without friends.

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 13

as a weak-minded, neurotic artist, of all things. Bogey, with a sketching pad in one hand and a glass of warm milk (even though it is poisoned) in the other! I am speaking, as every disillusioned Bogart fan must know, of that ghastly mistake, "The Two Mrs. Carrolls."

Many are the times I have heard Bogart denounce in print those actors who took their "art" seriously, but now I am afraid that he has joined their ranks. Forget it, Bogey. You are the screen's top-notch "tough guy" and your acting is always sincere, so be content and let the others go in for the "art." I regret to say it, but another rôle like that of the daffy artist and, as far as I am concerned, you will be a dead pigeon!

MRS. LOUISE B. CLARKE, Los Angeles 13, Calif.

MATERIALIZE MIRACLES

$1.00

We're standing on the threshold of what should be a remarkable age—one that includes rocket power. Most post-war miracles haven't materialized as yet, but we can dream can't we? That's where the motion picture industry comes in. The world is asking to break away from reality. Radio, the cinema's sister branch of show business, has answered the challenge, but Hollywood has an obvious advantage. Unfortunately, the movie industry has barely scratched the surface of tales dealing with rocket power, stratospheric journeys, interplanetary travel, etc. There are dozens of the "Buck Rogers" type of story which could—and should—be filmed.

GENE COULTAS, Des Moines, Iowa

VOTE FOR JEAN HARLOW ROLE

$1.00

Recently I have noticed many articles concerning the filming of the life of Jean Harlow. In one of them, Ann Sheridan was mentioned as being the leading contender for the rôle as the famous platinum blonde. Now this, in my opinion, would be the perfect example of miscasting. About the only thing that Ann has in common with our beloved Jean is "oomph." Imagine the beautiful redhead with platinum hair!

Lana Turner, however, is a much likelier candidate for the portrayal of Harlow for she, more than any other glamor girl in Hollywood, resembles the late star. This, added to the fact that she has more or less filled Jean Harlow's shoes at MGM, warrants surrender of the rôle to Turner.

But the object of this letter is to cast my vote for the girl who to my mind fits the qualifications perfectly. She is Myrna Dell, a featured player at RKO. I've noticed her in a succession of minor films—"Step by Step," "Vacation in Reno," and "Nocturne," but when I saw her recently in "The Locket," I knew she was the girl to give us the "Life of Jean Harlow."

Here's hoping that Hollywood producers "discover" Myrna Dell before actual plans for that picture are started and they go off into the forty-eight states searching for another unknown.

ANTHONY C. GRECO, New Haven, Conn.

LINE UP FOR AUTOGRAPHS

$1.00

I'd like to cast a vote for Bill Lundigan of "Dodge City," "The Fabulous Dorseys," and "Dishonored Lady," not only on his acting ability but on his wonderful personality. It is my bet that he'll soon be competing with Van Johnson, Guy Madison and Peter Lawford. Today, I saw Mr. Lundigan and got his autograph. He wasn't the type to sign ten books and then quit. There were at least a hundred or more bobby-soxers trying to get his autograph. The girls swarmed him. He asked us to form a line and he would give each and every one his autograph. We did. It was a long job, but he stuck it out. Keep up the good work, Bill, and don't go Hollywood on us.

CATHERINE HOGAN, San Diego, Calif.

DURBIN-SINATRA TEAM

$1.00

I certainly agree with Miss Dailey in a recent issue of SCREENLAND when she suggested Deanna Durbin and Frank Sinatra as a screen team. Deanna has certainly been getting some awfully unworthy rôles, and given a new partner and a good story, she could be one of Hollywood's "top ten." Frank Sinatra surely is wonderful; I saw "It Happened in Brooklyn," and he is amusing as well as a great singer. I think Deanna could have handled Kathryn Grayson's rôle very, very well.

If Hollywood should get wise and team the two, please, Mr. Makeup Man, do something about Miss Durbin's painted-looking eyebrows. I think she is beautiful—but those eyebrows!

MRS. VINCENT MACRI, South Bend 17, Ind.

Don't reach for that cookie but do reach for a Real-form Girdle or Panty Girdle! Raschel-Knitted of fashioned to fit Lastex with removable crotch. Can't run! $5.00.

REAL-FORM GIRDLE CO., 358 Fifth Ave., New York 1

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet, Dept. 4H

What's New with David Niven?

Continued from page 32

Baum this house which he has furnished with all the treasures he collected in the past. As the home reflects his past and present, so his view from that house reflects his future. A fog had crept over the landscape when I visited David's home, yet dimly we could see a view that is enchanting ordinarily: of mountains and sky and the green grass of the Will Rogers ranch, which has been turned into a memorial park. David's past has been wrapped up in engrossing adventures; somehow, when he bought this home, he must have been seeking—whether he sensed it or not—that feeling of peace and of eternal values that you get from looking out at cliffs that have weathered many storms.

For a while we sat and talked of many things—of small boats and children and war and gardening. I liked David's talk, punctuated with laughter, but I wanted to know what was going on in his mind and heart. So I asked him what his philosophy of life was.

His eyes, which are intense and blue, turned away from that view, obscured by fog. Then he said, "I believe you should live life to the full and take what is coming, good or bad, without much panic. I'd give a lot to know what happens next. I think it will be fine. All the nicest people I've ever known are up there now." And once again his eyes seemed to be searching through the fog for a glimpse of sky.

His words echoed in my ears, "All the nicest people I've known are up there now." I remembered his recent picture, "Stairway to Heaven," and wondered if, like the main character in that story, he believed definitely in a physical heaven. So I asked, "Do you really believe that there is an after-life?"

"Yes, I do," he said. "I don't think this life on earth can possibly be all there is. It would be an awful waste of effort to go to all the trouble of making human beings only to snuff out our lives with atom bombs, if there were no hereafter. The earth is getting increasingly unattractive. One more war and that's it."

It is this philosophy of life which explains all that you really need to know about David. More than any other person I have ever met, he fulfills Kipling's definition of a man: one who "can meet with Triumph and Disaster and treat those two impostors just the same."

For that is literally what David has done with his life. He has been broke innumerable times; he has been successful and solvent a couple of times in his life. Right now, with his portrayals in pictures like "Stairway to Heaven," "The Perfect Marriage," and Enterprise's "The Other Love," under his belt, he seems to be entering upon his most successful period as an actor. Goldwyn has cast him in a vital rôle, that of an English cleric, in one of the studio's most important productions, "The Bishop's Wife." It's said to be his most impressive characterization.

"I like acting. I believe I'll continue to act as long as they pay me for acting," he says. But he obviously isn't knocked off his perch any more by success than he ever was by temporary failure. He doesn't even have the conventional viewpoint toward money, which he calls "the long green."

David has two sons, David, 4, and James, who's one year old. He's a devoted father and spends every spare moment he can with them. But he doesn't as so many actors do, make elaborate plans on what college to send them to when they grow up. Instead he says, "I'm sure they'll have to be financially independent. I'll never save enough out of the money I make—considering present day taxes—to support them. You see, during the war I lived in dire poverty and ended the war completely broke."

And thereby hangs a tale. David believed from the day he first joined the British Army that he'd never come back. "My father was killed in the last war. Instinctively I felt—though no one tried to make me feel that way—that if a war came along, I would get killed. Then World War II came along and I put up my hand." (He also stuck out his neck. He went to the Samuel Goldwyn Studio, to which he was under contract at the time, and showed them a telegram he had received ordering him to report to the regimental depot immediately. Not until the war was over did he confess he had sent the telegram to himself.)

"Since I thought all along I'd be killed," David told me, "the long green couldn't possibly matter to me. I chartered a yacht and took all my pals to Catalina at considerable expense. I handed out money here and there, to everyone who wanted or could use it. After all, you can't take it with you, as the old saying goes. When I got to Rome, I threw away all the liras I had; in France all the francs, leaving myself just 100 pounds for warm woolen underwear for the foxholes.

"So there I was, for the rest of the war, without a penny of savings. I lived in dire poverty for six years, thinking right up to the end, 'This is ridiculous. I should be gone by now.' "

However, fatalism temporarily took a back seat when he met and married Primula Rollo, whom he met in a trench during a blitz. The daughter of the Honorable William and Lady Kathleen Rollo, she was in service with the WAAFS. Shortly after she had come to Hollywood to join him, she was killed when she fell down some dark cellar stairs, and David was left to bring up their two children alone, except for the help of a nurse from England who has always been devoted to the children.

"Right now," David told me, "my own private life is a shambles. I don't know what I want to do. I am going to England to do a picture, 'Bonnie Prince Charlie,' and then I shall go to France, which I love.

"I have made four pictures in 14 months. One of the grandest experiences I had was playing opposite Barbara Stanwyck in 'The Other Love.' It was the first time we ever played together, but I hope and pray it will not be the last time. When you play opposite some actresses, it is like playing opposite a wall. They give back nothing. The kind of actress with whom an actor most enjoys working is one who bounces the ball back at him. Barbara bounces it back so hard it almost knocks you off your feet."

Between pictures, David managed to get in a vacation in Rhode Island with friends, and also one in Oregon. He spent both vacations fishing. "I am a mad fisherman. I shipped down four boxes of steelheads to my home, then called up my help and gave them a priority list of friends to whom to deliver the fish. However, they weren't a bit impressed with my fishing prowess. They thought nothing of the whole matter except that I must have bought the fish!"

Among his closest friends are Bob Coote, John McClain, the writer, and Mike Romanoff, whose restaurant is nationally famous. When Mike was appearing in "Arch of Triumph" as the *maitre dé* in a Parisian café, David and a few other friends of Mike's sent Mike a chair with the Romanoff crest, thus kidding the legend that he is a "prince." They also sent Mike half a ham with his picture on it. Aside from fishing and sharing with friends in gags like these, David spends his spare time sailing, swimming and playing with his sons.

Like his father, David, Jr., seems to be growing up to be a fatalist. At three he jumped into the Niven pool and sank like a rock. Fortunately, David was there to rescue him. David, Jr., had seen Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., their next door neighbor, jump into a pool, and had seen his father do the same thing, so it never occurred to him that he couldn't follow their example. Immediately after that episode, David Niven got his son a life jacket, and now he's safe when he jumps.

However, when you ask David Niven questions about his children, he becomes somewhat alarmed. "I don't like to talk much about the children," he told me. "An actor should decide whether he is going to be a professional actor or a professional father—and I certainly don't want to be a professional father. Any kind of limelight is a bit tough, particularly when you are too young to have anything to say about it." And then David laughed gently at himself. "I think I'm rather pompous about it," he said, smiling apologetically.

But it's a reflection of David's own personality that although he realizes we are now living in a post-atomic age, he still teaches the children the simple old-fashioned virtues. When I asked him his ideas on bringing up the children, he said, "I just want to teach them to be kind, brave and truthful."

Here is a man who has grown up in the shadow of two wars, who has seen ruthlessness and cruelty such as few people saw before World War II—and yet he believes in the Victorian virtues. This goes back to his basic philosophy—that life on earth is simply a preparation for something to come afterwards. His philosophy, as contrasted with that of some other actors, is kind and gentle. This was reflected in the way he celebrated

Christmas—and in the gifts he gave his two children. For David, Jr., there was a phonograph with his favorite records. For James there was a chair, which when he sits on it, plays, "God Save the King."

Although he likes America very much, David has never turned his back on his British background. When I asked him if he might become an American citizen, he said, "I love America. I couldn't love it any more just by signing some papers. Those papers couldn't change what is inside my heart. No matter how many papers I signed I would be no less British."

Because he has met women from so many different parts of the world, I asked him what he thought of American women as compared with Englishwomen. "I can't make any comparison because I've lived here so long—since 1933. I'm a terrific fan of women—I'm for all of them wherever they come from. They're a splendid addition to the world."

"*All* women?" I asked.

"Well, so far as I'm concerned, there are only two kinds of women, wherever they come from—the ones I think wonderful and the ones I don't like. The women I think are wonderful are the ones possessed of an enormous common sense and a whacking sense of humor, and the ability not to look bored when you tell them long stories. The ones I don't like are the bossy women and the useless type who don't know how to add two and two. I think the women who believe it's attractive to be helpless upset me most. I want to help them with the toe of my shoe."

Then David looked up smiling and said, "Better cross that out quickly. It sounds like a George Sanders remark. And I don't feel that way about the woman question."

As David Niven says, he's a great fan of women. Which is just one more reason why so many women are fans of Dreamboat David!

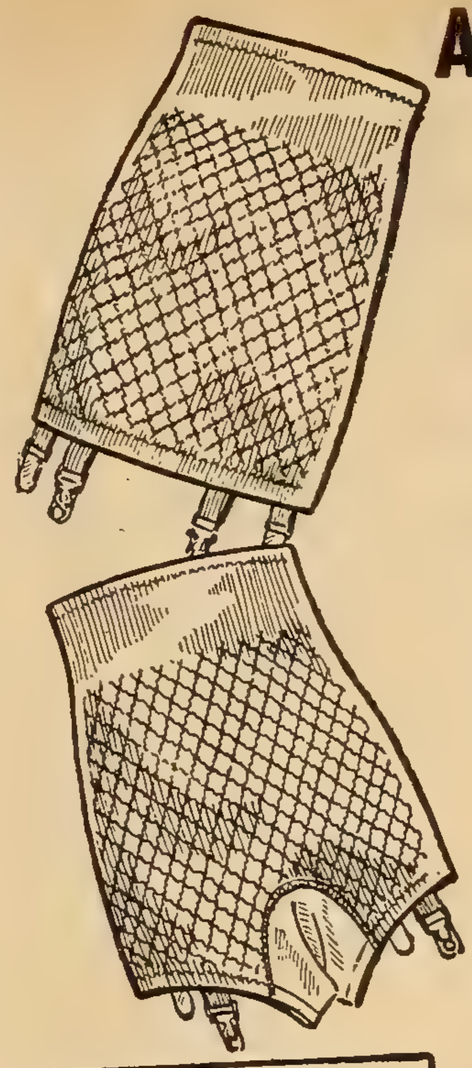
Dark Angel

Continued from page 34

boost," Zack remembers only too well. "It was in 1939. Waverly was three when we decided to leave Texas and come to New York City. We were two young and ambitious people—a bit foolhardy, as I look back on it. Certainly optimistic. In Texas we had our families to back us up, friends, and a certain position. In New York, except for Addison Bailey, a lifelong friend and well-known pianist, we knew no one.

"We found a little apartment in Greenwich Village, very small and not exactly elegant. Addison invited us to our first party, and being nervous and afraid we might be late we were the *first* guests to arrive. In answer to our ring, Madge with a wide, welcoming smile greeted us. Although she served in the capacity of housekeeper for Addison, long before the evening was over we discovered that she was quite an individual person.

"Such famous guests as the Cole Porters, Ethel Merman, Dorothy Fields, etc., knew Madge and loved her discussions on life and music. It was the late



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Pauline Frederick who encouraged her to start studying piano. An especially kind friend eventually gave her a scholarship at the Juilliard School, training ground for many famous musicians. Madge was born in Georgia, but as a child her mother, who was theater dresser for Miss Frederick, moved her to Pittsburgh. As far back as she can remember, she grew up studying piano, loving music, the theater and its people."

It was Madge who saw them to the door at the end of that first magical evening. "You are from Texas and so is my boss," she said quite simply. "You are my boss' friends, so I am your friend. You are new in the theater, but I've always been around it. If you ever get into any trouble, please call on me."

In the next few days that followed, trouble and the Zachary Scotts walked hand in hand. They were just starting out, and money was scarce. Surrounding them were advantages for Waverly, advantages they could ill-afford.

"It was Madge who introduced Waverly to ballet, the theater, and concerts at Carnegie Hall." Zack's eyes reflect his appreciation when he discusses it. "More times than not, Madge paid for the tickets out of her own pocket. But she'd tell little white lies and say they had been given to her.

"It was amazing, but Madge invariably sensed when she was needed. A couple of times when we were about to dine on tea and toast, right on cue she showed up, loaded down with a full course dinner."

"Mr. Bailey got invited out at the last minute," she'd explain casually. "I know you have your dinner all ready, but you just *can't* let this good food go to waste."

There was one six-month period where they couldn't have survived without Madge. As far as Broadway was concerned, the name of Zachary Scott was unknown bait for the cash customers. Their small savings had dwindled. Zack was worried, unhappy and restless. The final blow came when Elaine had to be rushed to the hospital for a serious mastoid operation.

"I couldn't take care of the apartment, stay with Waverly, and look for a job too." Zack shudders at the memory. "Addison worked odd hours, usually after midnight when he was playing in night clubs. So Madge shuttled back and forth. She'd come over and straighten up our place, then get Waverly off to school. Back to Addison she'd go, fix his late lunch and get him set for the evening. Back to our place she'd come to look after Waverly while I went to the hospital to see Elaine.

"It was a good six months before Elaine was up and around again. That seemed to be sort of a turning point. We began to get jobs. Elaine turned to stage managing because it offered more steady employment. I took almost any part I could get. So for the next two years at least one of us was usually working. We always arranged our engagements so one of us remained in New York to be with Waverly. Meantime, Madge was the real head of our house."

On matinée days when they couldn't get home, Madge brought Waverly to the theater and the four of them had dinner together. Zack's young daughter was trained to sit in the wings and draw while she waited patiently. Riding on buses, Madge taught her geography, but made a game of it which they both thoroughly enjoyed. There was another game they played which Madge came to wish she had never invented. They usually got into it on the days when Zack's spirits were about as high as an ant's instep.

"I wonder if your daddy has arrived in Hollywood?" Madge started out in a voice audible to the other passengers.

"Oh, he's probably already starring in his first picture," Waverly would answer nonchalantly.

Then they'd discuss their contemplated trip through the canal, how thrilled they'd be to arrive in California and settle down in daddy's new home in Beverly Hills. They were always careful to omit his name, further intriguing their listeners who were already consumed with curiosity. But one day Waverly forgot and substituted reality for fantasy. "Oh Lord," she moaned, just as the bus stopped. "I *do* pray Daddy gets a job today!"

Everyone burst out laughing as Madge flew off the bus, with Waverly shooting through the air after her.

Madge graduated Waverly from bib to napkin. She taught her how to eat spaghetti with a fork and spoon. She baked her birthday cakes, mended her clothes. When the Scotts brought friends home from the theater, if she was spending the night Madge insisted on getting up to play the piano. It was her idea to become the household banker. She gave them each an allowance. If there wasn't enough money to pay their bills, she returned the salary they'd already paid her. She patched up their quarrels, built up their morale when they got discouraged.

"Her whole life seemed to be centered around anticipating the desires of others," says Zack. "Madge truly loves to do for others. I've never ceased to be amazed at her complete unselfishness."

There were times when he was broke and depressed, and determined to return to Texas and become his father's medical assistant. On short notice Madge could produce an amazingly convincing tantrum.

"And have all my friends laugh at me?" she'd scold him. "I should say not! I've told everyone you're going to be a big Hollywood star. You've got to hang on until you get into a good play and those movie men can see you and send for you!"

It was in "Those Endearing Young Charms" that Zack was seen by Warner Bros. "Those movie men" sent for him and the rest is now history. Madge proudly packed him off. Zack came out to Hollywood to establish their home, while Elaine and Waverly planned to follow a few months later.

"Someday, Madge," Zack promised, "our dream will come true. You've always said you'd like to watch Waverly grow up. When we have a home of our own we want to take care of you. When that time comes, you will be with us always."

During his embryonic stage in Hollywood, Zack lived in a small rented house. There was no room for Madge, but every vacation she'd come out for two weeks to "look out for them."

"But what can we do to give *you* a good time?" the Scotts insisted.

"Just give lots of parties and let me take the house apart," she'd grin.

Zack's success in Hollywood had been gradual—which is exactly the way he's planned it. A perfectionist by nature, he wanted to know all the tricks of the trade before his best opportunity presented itself. The great enthusiasm he created in "Mildred Pierce" and "The Southerner" was further enhanced in "Stallion Road," "Her Kind of Man," and "Unfaithful." He had just started "Whiplash" when MGM asked to borrow him for "Cass Timberlane."

They had to wait five weeks to get him, but nothing is too good for a Lana Turner-Spencer Tracy picture! Wise and wary Zack waited until this point to make his most important decision. One morning bright and early he and Elaine set out to find a home of their own. When they found it in Brentwood, they automatically called Madge long distance.

"We're moving into *your* new home," was Zack's way of breaking the news.

"Don't put anything away until I get there," answered Madge.

They met her (she was loaded down with presents for everyone including Jingo) at the station. Her four days on the train had given Madge ample opportunity to think about her new world and plan to fit right into it. With typical humor and rare objectivity, she greeted them: "Here's your 'Technicolor Mother!' Let's go to work!"

With the bedrooms and kitchen partially furnished, the Scotts set up housekeeping. It may take years, but when their home *is* completed, it will be exactly the way they want it. Guests are invited to come over and sit on the floor. Their parties couldn't be more charming. Card tables and chairs are rented for sit-down dinners. Madge, whirling through the neighborhood in her brand new Ford coupe, is already a familiar figure. What happened when Elaine took her to a movie is Zack's favorite story.

"Elaine was already out in front in the car," Zack breaks himself up every time he tells it. "Suddenly out from the house came Madge, with a large butcher knife in her hand. When Elaine stopped laughing long enough to ask for an explanation, Madge waved the knife threateningly.

"I hear it's dangerous out here for women to ride alone at night. Any man who puts a hand in *this* car will go away without one!"

And Madge would probably go without *both* of hers if it would add to the Scotts' happiness. Yes, Zack, Elaine, Waverly and Jingo believe in guardian angels. And you would, too, if you had a dark one who shined as brightly as Madge Hall.

Cinderella from Ohio

Continued from page 43

entered them in the Homecoming Queen contest. The fact that she hadn't won didn't bother her at all, but it distinctly upset her girl friend. However, let's get the rest from Jean herself.

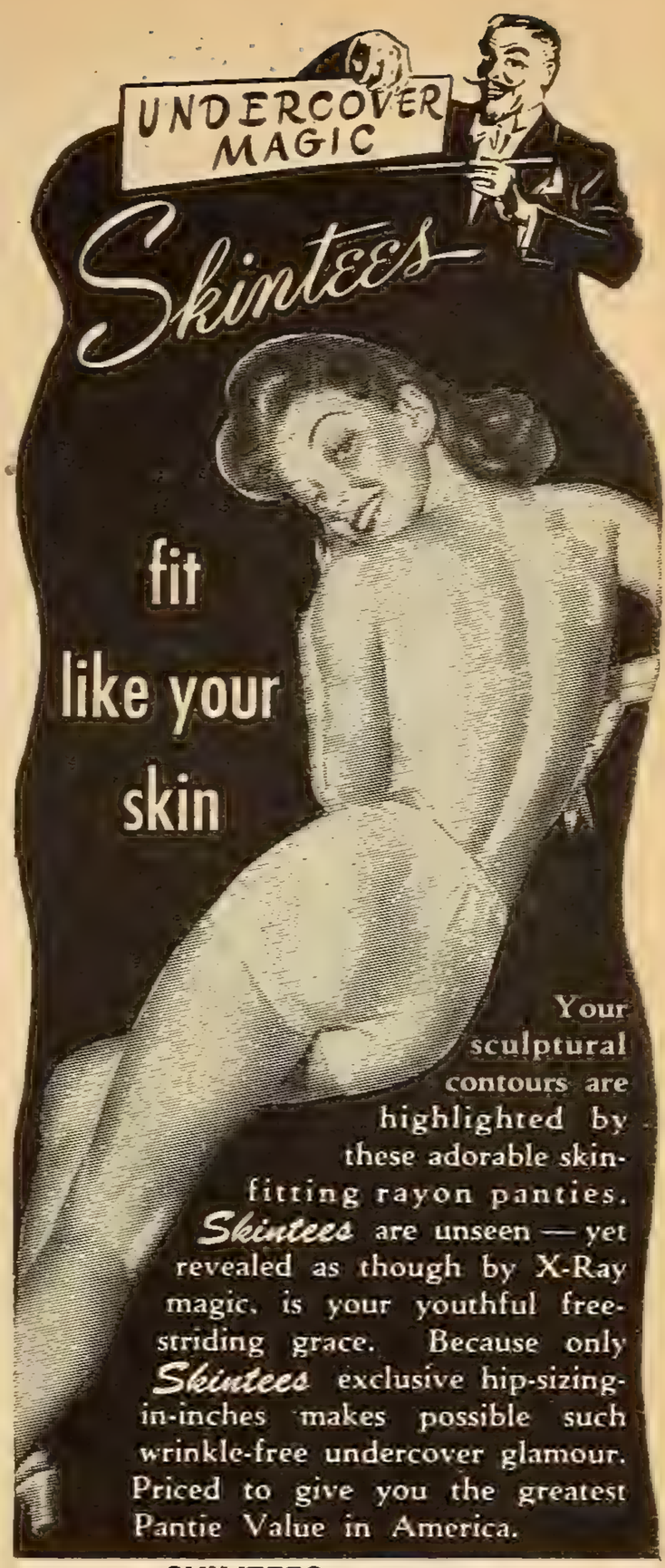
"This girl I roomed with—Arlen Hurwitz—was so mad that she immediately entered my picture in the Miss Ohio State contest, sponsored by a local newspaper, without telling me anything about it," Jean told me as we were having lunch one day. "I learned about it when I came home from class and Arlen said I owed her $4.00. When I asked her what for, she said, 'For that picture I sent in of you for the Miss Ohio State contest.' At first I was furious and refused to pay her, but all she said was, 'Well, now I've made you a movie star.' You see, one of the prizes offered to the winner was a trip to Hollywood and an option on a screen test. Naturally, I had no idea anything would come of it.

"Before the actual winner was announced, the contestants were supposed to attend several rehearsals, but I was ill and unable to be at any of them. Then I was late arriving for the big night because a boy friend of mine who was taking me couldn't get his car started. When I heard I was the winner, I was completely floored." Jean paused, sipped some coffee, and chuckled, "It seems I was always going out with boys whose cars broke down or with those whose watches were forever stopping—so I never got anywhere on time."

You'd probably think Jean immediately put all thoughts of college out of her mind and that she began to dream of her name on theater marquees. Such was not the case. Instead, she hated the idea of the screen test which might force her to leave school. She had her future all planned, and this new development upset everything. Her ambition was to become a teacher of other teachers in the educational department at the college.

"All the way to Hollywood," Jean continued, "I kept worrying about how I was going to get a decent schedule for the next year since students were signing up for the coming semester just as I was on my way to the coast. I knew I'd miss out on everything.

"When I arrived in Hollywood, 20th Century-Fox gave me a screen test. I thought the whole thing was silly, especially since I had to do a torrid love scene. I did the entire test as a gag—and that was what saved me. By kidding it all, I made myself look less self-conscious. After the test, I waited two or three days and heard nothing from the studio, so I left to go back to college. I was half way home when I got a wire from 20th telling me that I'd been signed to a contract and that I was to return at once. However, I asked the studio to



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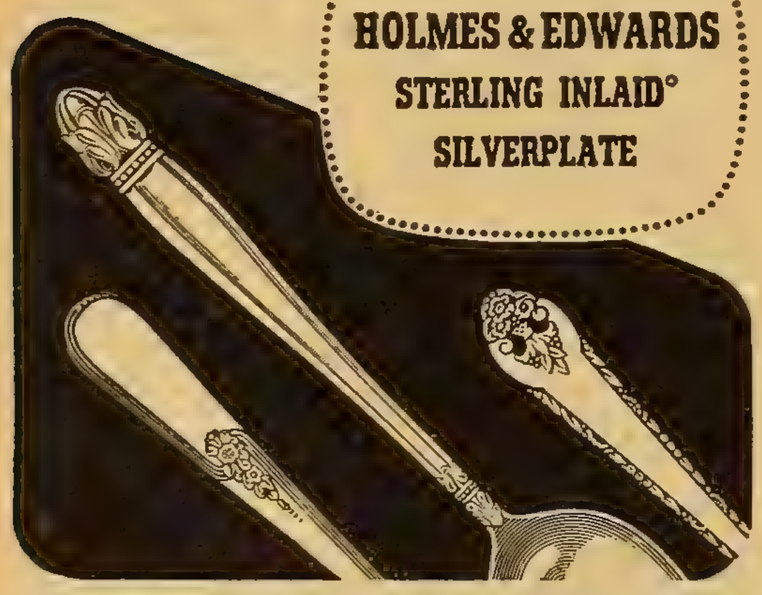

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let me start the new term first and then come back. Luckily for me, they agreed, and I stayed at college for three months.

"My mother held no hopes for me in pictures, any more than I did. Her attitude was, 'Well, you can have fun for six months and then come back and finish college.' She still thinks I'll come back, by the way. As for my little sister, she believes the entire business is all nonsense, but while I was in Mexico on location, I bought her a sombrero and had it autographed by Ty, Lee Cobb, Cesar Romero, and Alan Mowbray. She never wrote a line to me about the hat but mother said she took it to school every day to show her friends. So maybe she's a bit impressed now."

For the first two months in Hollywood, Jean studied at the Actors' Lab. Then one day, she got a call from Darryl Zanuck. She had never seen the famous studio executive before and was curious to know how he'd look and how he'd act—and also what his office would be like. For several minutes, the two just talked about everything in general. He told her he had liked her test and that he had something in mind for her. "I'll tell you about that later," he added.

Immediately, Jean was curiosity itself. Finally, just before she left his office, he told her he wanted to make a test of her for *Catana*. As Jean's mouth fell open in amazement, he hastily reminded her that she wasn't to hold any high hopes for getting the part because it was a large rôle and was probably too much for an inexperienced actress.

"Well, I made the test, and shortly after that Mr. Zanuck called me into his office again," Jean said. "When he told me I had won the rôle, I could do little but stare blankly. I'd never expected any such a thing as this, never in my wildest dreams. As I was leaving his office, he said to me, 'If you don't hear from me again, you know all's well, but if you do hear from me, you know it's trouble.' I've never seen him again, so I guess there's nothing too wrong."

"I didn't have a chance to be nervous at all during the first few days' shooting," Jean continued quietly. "For my début in front of the cameras, I did the scene where *Catana* has to fight off some dogs that are attacking her. It was a tough, hard scene to do—physically. Henry King, the director, told me later he had purposely made me do that one first so I wouldn't be afraid of anything.

"Mr. King was a great help to me, and so was Ty. I'd visioned Ty as something like a great god and was afraid he wouldn't be very interested in what I did in the picture. But he did so many things that made my job easier.

"There were plenty of problems for me in the picture, too. In one scene, I had to roast chickens on a spit, but every time I turned the handle, the chickens fell off. Then smoke from the fire got in my eyes and made me cry. It took quite a while to get that scene right.

"Another time, I had to get up on a horse with Ty. The Mexican horse was supposed to be trained to carry two people, but apparently its training had been neglected for it became nervous and made a bee-line for the camera. Then when we tried again, I got caught in the sword Ty was wearing and had my legs cut up.

"In spite of all this, I still want to do a western. I have always loved to ride and I have two horses of my own at home. Besides, I like to rough it. I don't go much for the softer life, probably because I spent so much time on a farm. The way I lived on a farm, however, helped me while I was playing *Catana*, for at home I used to go barefoot all day long. During the filming of the picture, I wore sandals only once—the rest of the time I was walking over all kinds of rough ground on bare feet. Now I can't bear shoes. The minute I get home, off they come and I go around barefooted."

On the whole, Jean loved the Mexican location—except for the food. Her college roommate came to Hollywood and went along with her, the two girls rooming together. There wasn't much to do since there were no movies to see and no place where a girl could dance. But the trip did have its humorous aspects.

"We did a lot of work near Paricutin, the famous volcano," Jean told me. "Everything is dead around the foot of the mountain. The trees have no leaves and it seems that all you can see are ashes. To make the whole scene bleaker, it rains every day from noon on. As a result, we had to do most of our shooting in the morning. One day, though, in an emergency, we had to shoot in the rain. We were convinced that scene wouldn't pass, but we sent it into the studio anyway. We got a wire back saying it was great and to get more like it."

Jean has actually been in Hollywood itself only a short time since she was in Mexico for over three months. But that hasn't kept her from being involved in the town's usual romantic routine. Every gossip columnist has had her linked with some man romantically, mainly Howard Hughes. So I asked Jean just what the situation was between her and Hughes.

"He's the only man I date in town," she said honestly. "But I have no intentions of marrying now. I just can't understand Hollywood. If a girl isn't married, everyone tries to get her married, and if she is, everyone tries to get her divorced. I don't see why I should rush into anything as serious as marriage right now. I'm only twenty, and I don't think I'm emotionally mature enough to take such a step. Besides, I've only been out of school a year and I think every girl should take a long time deciding whom she wants to marry before she actually settles down. When I make up my mind, you can depend on it that I won't have any engagement. That's just a tradition, and I don't believe in it.

"When I was going to college in Michigan before I went to Ohio State, I had only about three dates in the whole year. At the time I was quite in love with a boy I'd known in high school. He was in the Army and I felt it was only right I shouldn't go out much. He was killed during that year. He was the only real romance I've ever had in my life."

Jean's story is a simple one—mainly the story of a farm girl who led a normal life. Her father died when she was ten. Later, her mother bought a seven-acre

farm. Jean had the usual schooling and went in for the usual school activities, her main interest at first being the debating team. She also sandwiched in a little deal as the drum major on the high school band. In college, Jean was not so typical in that she was not at all interested in sororities. She never joined one simply because she doesn't like anything that draws a line between people. She saw so many girls heartbroken because they hadn't been pledged that she decided she would never join a sorority.

There are no pretenses about Jean now, either. She's a simple girl with simple tastes and desires. She likes to skeet-shoot—but says it's too expensive. And her one ambition is to be a writer, preferably a newspaper columnist so, as she says, "I can interview reporters." She also intends to go back to teaching if anything happens to her career.

"I'd feel guilty if I went back to college now and took the place that should rightfully go to some ex-service man," Jean said. "After all, universities are so crowded you have to consider who has the primary right to attend. Naturally, I'm sincere about my career in pictures but I also want to be realistic about it. If I'm a success, I'll continue, but if I'm not, I won't hang around and knock my head against stone walls."

Jean's favorite actors are Gary Cooper and Ty Power, with Ida Lupino and Margaret Sullavan her choices for actresses. She's a great movie fan and enjoys seeing even bad pictures. She likes Hollywood because it's a friendly town and is so informal.

"I think it's up to the person herself to keep the town that way," Jean explained sincerely. "I don't see why Hollywood should change anyone, if you realize what kind of person you are and then be yourself. However, the main thing I'm going to watch is that I don't let the glamor of the place affect me. And I don't think it will."

Jean is a frugal person and makes most of her own clothes. Her only superstition is a cracked tea cup that she claims brings good luck to anyone drinking tea from it. She always encourages her friends to use it. She won't listen to gossip and hates "catty" people. Sheakespeare is her favorite author. In fact, she has a large library of classics, all of which she has read. For relaxation, she likes to draw pictures of people and landscapes. Her nickname is "Pete" and she prefers that to her own name, which is Elizabeth Jean Peters. She's handy about the house since she can lay stone, plaster walls, repair broken furniture—and can even cook and sew. She's so active that she hardly ever needs more than five hours sleep a night.

All in all, Jean Peters is not the usual Hollywood personality. She doesn't go in for glamor-trappings and her makeup is conspicuous by its absence. She's a normal American girl who has been thrust into a position of prominence and attention. That she'll remain herself no matter how much fame comes her way seems a certainty. Hollywood may not entirely understand her for a while, but she'll make the town sit up and take notice anyway.

"The Body" Hasn't Gone to Her Head

Continued from page 29

gradually on the surface. She isn't transforming herself drastically into the Teresa Wright type, for instance. She's adding rather than altering. She realizes Pin-Up girls went out with the war and that her ability to look like a combined Petty and Vargus drawing to the armed forces won't win her the approval of the feminine majority in today's audiences. To intrigue her sisters sitting out in front of film screens, she's artfully packaging herself in stunning clothes, and underlining her new chic with flawless grooming.

But if her shopping is now done purposefully at Adrian's, and her white-blonde hair gets a series of sensational hair-dos at Mrs. Jack Haley's beauty salon, don't assume glamor's gone to Marie's noggin, either. She's steadfastly hanging onto the warm realism and sense of perspective that have always been a basic part of her. She exuberantly enjoys each day for whatever joy it can bring, and never suffers delusions of grandeur. She had her best girl-friend in tow when we talked, a non-professional from New York City who was visiting at the McDonald home for a month. They've been best friends for ten years and annually chum back and forth across the continent. "We met in school when I was thirteen," explained Marie, recently become twenty-three. This gives you a correct notion of the loyal streak that runs so deeply through her. "We had a wonderful day yesterday. Just stayed home and did nothing but sit in the sun and loll around."

"I work at maintaining my tan. When I was in Las Vegas I swam every day in the hotel pool, and when I climbed out I turned myself over and over as though I were on a spit. Naturally my hair lost its wave when it got wet, I just pushed it up under a kerchief or made pigtails. There were more tourists there than in Times Square, and some of them were disappointed when they caught me exercising and relaxing like a human being. I know because kodaks were clicking at me when I least expected them and some of the snapshots were awful. They brought the bad ones around to show me! But I wasn't pushed into posing all the time. Working in the movies isn't going to force me to be artificial."

When the city of Las Vegas climaxed its annual Helldorado Week with a fiesta parade of floats, Marie obligingly accepted the official invitation to ride down the main street atop the hugest floral flamingo. Fifty thousand excited onlookers cheered their loudest for her, but what she recalls now is that she was up so high she could have reached out and

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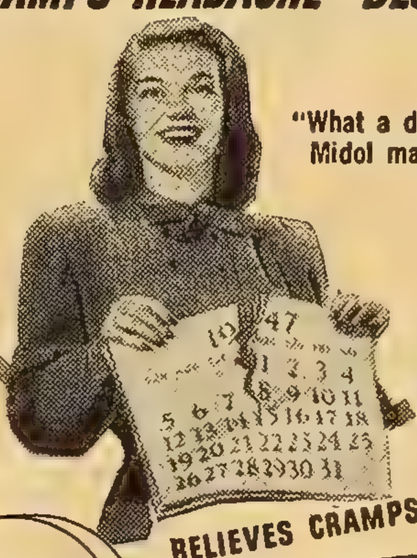

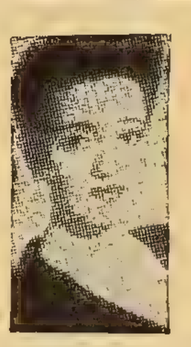

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pushed the traffic signals awry. "I resisted that strong impulse," she asserted virtuously.

To the reporters covering her divorce Marie described Vic Orsatti, a leading representative for top Hollywood talent, as "a terrible husband, but a good agent." She married him when she was only eighteen. Within two years she understood their differing attitudes could never be alike.

On her last night in Las Vegas she stayed up all night and did the town. For this farewell binge she wore a honey of an evening gown. By dawn she had consumed a ham sandwich, a glass of champagne, and eight glasses of milk. That's an insight into her energy and moderation.

She'd heard a funny little clump-clump in her brand new station wagon all the while she'd driven around Las Vegas. Marie drove home to California and asked her step-father if he'd take the car in for a check-up. He returned positively dead-white. "Don't ever tell your mother!" he gasped. "That wasn't any loose spring. The bolt holding your steering wheel was never put in, and the steering shaft's been holding together by a miracle!" Marie confessed to me she wasn't scared at the news, as he thought she should have been. "I'm a fatalist. If God had wanted me to die, I would have."

Her genius for friendship extends to her ex-husband. Although they separated quite a while before their divorce, he helped her legally void a long-term contract that was sidetracking her back into B pictures. She had to go to court in Los Angeles and prove there that she had been guaranteed leads in A films and so had the right to break a bad bargain. It took courage to stand up for herself like that, but she has that much backbone. Vic then booked her on a profitable three months' personal appearance tour through the East. She came back to deliberate another three months before signing another lease on her movie future. She was tempted to accept the bid from 20th Century-Fox; she'd particularly have liked to act opposite Tyrone Power in "Nightmare Alley." Finally, with Vic's advice heeded, Marie decided that Metro was her best bet. Her marrying isn't going to make any difference in her reliance on Vic's astute judgment in regard to her career. He'll continue as her agent.

"MGM started me off opposite Gene Kelly, and I'm now hoping to work eventually opposite Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Dana Andrews, and Robert Young, because I consider them especially fine actors. I'm not stubborn about how I'm cast," she hastily added. "I'm not that arty. I dread but one disaster, and that in every phase of life—a step backwards. The first three dramatic coaches I went to in Hollywood, after I was already working in pictures, were absolute phonies. Now I'm on the right track. I'm studying diction with Gertrude Fogler, dramatics with Lillian Burns, dancing with Nico Charisse, singing with Arthur Rosenstein, and I'm taking both French and Spanish lessons. I wouldn't be such a fool as to rely on looks alone.

"You never reach a point where you can coast. Even when," she smiled, "you land here at Metro. One of the big directors here wanted me to copy Lauren Bacall. My face is long and thin, and if I began wearing my hair like hers I'd look exactly like a sad cocker-spaniel. Then they put a dark greasepaint make-up on me when I began here. I knew it wouldn't photograph as well as my usual light pancake, and they found *that* out.

"I have no delusions about movie stardom. I don't think it can whisk me out of realities. The fame itself isn't important to me. So far as I'm concerned, all this boils down to the fact that I've been fortunate enough to get a good job that pays exceedingly well with a bonus of colorfulness to it. But the actual making of pictures is hard work. You only get a truly wonderful rôle every few years. I didn't get an exciting part until 'Guest in the House,' literally my thirteenth picture. While waiting for the rare big thrills that will showcase your flair you belong to a union, you know—the Screen Actor's Guild. You long to get your scripts a month in advance, and long in vain. My life is really one extreme or the other. I'm either happy or sad, for assorted reasons, forever striving for a happy medium that escapes me.

"I couldn't get my big toe inside MGM's gates on my first trip to Hollywood. I had thirteen cents in my purse when I got my job singing with Tommy Dorsey's band. I've learned to make the best of each day's ups and downs, and I never forget now there'll always be *change*. I remember how quickly I was suddenly given a movie break, so I realize I could be without all this just as fast.

"My only safeguard, besides doing the best work I can, is living below my means, financially. A finance company came and took my first Ford away from me. I'd put $300 into it and couldn't keep up the payments when luck was against me here in Hollywood. Ever since that happened to me I've never gone into debt for anything. I'm a demon for sticking to a strict budget, always get a certain sum ahead before I buy anything. I put all I could save on that personal appearance tour of a year back into buying a home for my mother, step-father, and myself. We have two acres around the house that we call our farm.

This house is her sanctuary, she vowed. She has as genuine a bent for decorating it as she has for clothes. Marie happily donned blue jeans and an old sweater to help her step-father paint the roof and ended up nearly slipping off it. He jumped to save her, and fell off instead. His chest was crushed and several of his ribs were broken. She insisted she could be a most efficient nurse, sat up with him after the accident for three whole nights in succession.

She selected comfortable Early American furnishings, mostly of maple. The colors in her house are bright, but she hasn't made it annoyingly feminine. She adores pointing out her clever buys. There is the fifty-year-old, glowing mahogany desk in one corner of the living-room. She wanted a cobbler's bench in front of the living-room couch and the antique shops she scoured were

robbers, she reports. "So I had a carpenter build one that's so sturdy it won't fall apart, and yet it looks as 'beat up' as a genuine antique!"

Her own bedroom is a triumph of beauty plus useful gadgets. "When I was married to Vic we lived in rented houses and there didn't seem to be anything I could contribute to them. Now my imagination's materializing all sorts of wonders." She's designed an amazing bed for herself. It's not merely wide. Its headboard runs down one side, rather than along the wall, and she's had all kinds of drawers and bookshelves, to say nothing of a handy radio and an electric coffee percolator, built in as the bed's frame. She even managed to use maple!

Her adjoining dressing-room is a luxurious twelve-by-sixteen feet, a colossal convenience. She's just had a guest house constructed, but everybody'll have to go on doing without a swimming pool at her place until next January or February. "I have a tip the cost of a pool will come down 30% by then. I've already got the rough piping for it, though. Bought it wholesale, too!"

She gets a charge out of her playroom, well-stocked with games; she personally prefers Chinese checkers. Extraordinarily systematic, she hires an expert for any task she can't handle herself. If she could live an ideal existence Marie would winter in Hollywood—up until February, when she'd take off for Miami. She'd lazy there until the first of April. Three weeks of spring in New York City, the following week in Chicago, the summer in Hollywood, and then she'd be back in New York for the fall and the new plays. Since she can't do that she compensates by impulsively taking plane trips at the slightest provocation. "When you're growing up, and in school, you dream of being free when you're adult. *Free* is a grand word! I proved to myself I was somewhat free the night I went to the airport, after an evening at Mocambo, to see some friends off for Las Vegas. After they'd gone I chartered a plane, gathered up a girl-friend, and at 5 a.m., still dressed in an Adrian gown and ermine stole, was leaning on the coffee bar at El Rancho Hotel in Las Vegas as a terrific surprise for them. It was such a kick!"

Born Marie Frye, in Burgin, Kentucky, she couldn't help being a beauty because her mother was a Ziegfeld girl and her grandmother was a gorgeous operatic singer. Her father, an engineer, moved them to New York City by the time she'd reached grammar grades. At St. Anne's High, in Westchester, Marie specialized in journalism. She bylined her column on fashions "By Ken-Tuck," punning on the Southern drawl she had then.

You'd never suppose so, but being so bright she was several years ahead of the average girl. That meant Marie had skinny legs and discouragingly straight hair when her classmates were blooming. She wore health shoes, middy blouses, no makeup, and the handsome high school hero she wanted to attract ignored her. She graduated from high while still fifteen, but her sorority sisters saved her that last year from being a droop. Some of them modeled for the famed John Robert Powers. Marie determined to show Alpha Delta Sigma she was as potentially sharp as those gifted ones. Telling none of them of her plan, she went to the Powers reception room, and was thoroughly ignored. On her way out she saw a girl come through a door with no lettering. "I had a brain-storm. I plunged into that room, saw Mr. Powers at his desk, and was so startled I fell down as ungracefully as I possibly could. *He* was so surprised he listened to my plea. My first job was modeling teen-age clothes."

She no sooner turned sixteen than she entered the contest for the title of "Miss New York State." She won it, too, after practicing a smile that would conceal the space she had between her front teeth. Instead of going on to Atlantic City to compete for the "Miss America" award, Marie characteristically used her bean. An offer to join George White's "Scandals" as a showgirl was a logical first step into show business. She took it, and when the glittering revue wound up its Broadway run and went on the road she went along like a true veteran of the Great White Way. When the show reached the Coast she quit to crash the movies. No studio cared in a great big way. But a date at the Palladium where Tommy Dorsey was playing was memorable. T.D., himself, asked her to get right up and audition there and then, after he was introduced to her by a mutual friend. Marie obliged, and considering that Frank Sinatra, Connie Haines, Jo Stafford and the Pied Pipers were already in the Dorsey crew then you can gather she was quite satisfactory to be signed up as an extra singing attraction. She toured back to New York, switched to Charlie Barnett's orchestra as one of its thrushes, and was duly discovered by a Universal scout.

Before embarking for Hollywood the second time she had the space between her teeth fixed. She soon met and married Vic Orsatti. Her film rise wasn't rapid. At Universal she got into a rut playing decorative Tahitian maidens. Moving to Paramount, she experienced her first genuine acting pangs when she was given a rôle in an Alan Ladd drama. Photographs of Marie in bathing garb flooded Army and Navy barracks, and G.I. acclaim spotlighted her. When Dennis O'Keefe provoked an hilarious hour getting *Gertie's* garter it was Marie, of course, enacting the venus-like *Gertie*. This led to the contract that prompted the court scene, and her current fine chance at MGM.

She didn't fall in love with Harry Karl, who's tall, dark, and intelligent, at first sight. They met quite casually, and she dismissed him from her thoughts as merely "a very nice man." He bounded back, though. Marie, who wants a family and children of her own, learned the quiet, self-made Los Angeles millionaire was far more interesting than the typical Hollywood man. "Hollywood men have too much ego. They're spoiled. They treat actresses like working girls. Which, heaven knows, we are. They expect us to be amusing, don't bother to be fun themselves. Hollywood is a man's town, so they can get away with it. But a *nice* man like Harry—!" Marie didn't say he's "a doll." But I got that idea.

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"Have Bobby-Soxers Become Rude, Ill-Mannered Pests?"

Continued from page 27

any bobby-soxer I've ever encountered.

BOB: I remember all too well one winter evening back east and my experience with a group of so-called adult ladies. I had on a camel's hair coat. The first thing I knew one woman was grabbing at the buckle to try to pull the belt off. That started it. Another woman grabbed another part of my coat. After a lot of struggling, I finally took off my coat, left it, and actually had to fight my way out.

SHIRLEY: That reminds me of my wedding. There were some bobby-soxers, I admit, who tried to tear my veil off as I came out of the church. I was able to protect it, but they did tear my bridesmaids' dresses. But no bobby-soxer did what an older woman did to me. This lady grabbed my hair and held on while I tried to get away.

GLENN: All that's happened to me was having a fan jab a fountain pen in my eye. And, oh yes, I've had my coat torn. But that's not much, I guess.

IRENE: If that's the way you look at it, Glenn, then I've been lucky, too. I once had a dress ripped off me but only because there was such a mob. The situation isn't relegated solely to America, though. When I was in England some time ago, I went out to the country for dinner. No sooner had I arrived than countless kids suddenly appeared. They had bicycled from all parts of the country to get an autograph. Why must fans act so foolish about a mere star?

MAUREEN: That's something no one can answer. As far as my experiences are concerned, I've only run into the situation where one tough kid in a crowd starts insulting the others—not me. The first time this happened, I bawled the boy out good and told him to go on home. And did the other kids love that! But I'll definitely side in with the argument that older people cause the most trouble.

BOB: Much of this hysterical mobbing can be stopped by the actors. We should know how to handle such situations without precipitating a riot. Often I've been asked for an autograph when I haven't had time to give one. I've then politely told the kids I'd have to tend to it later. I always know I'll see them again, for the same gang is seen everywhere. There are a couple of kids, for example, I see every time I go to New York. I even call them by name.

IRENE: You've a point there, Bob. Many a riot *is* precipitated by a star's being rude to a fan. No one is so important that he can't take one minute and explain that he's in a hurry and really unable to give an autograph. It's been my experience that if you take time to explain, they will understand.

GLENN: We might as well admit it. There are stars with inflated egos who think they're just too important. They then become rude to fans. What else can they expect from kids in such cases but rudeness? You get back what you give out.

SHIRLEY: Yes, but in many cases after they've had their autograph, they turn right around and become insulting. It's the real fans, the bobby-soxers who don't make a business of autographs, who hardly ever get one. The rude ones push them away.

MAUREEN: We've been speaking of stars being the cause of such riots. That reminds me of my childhood. When my brothers and I came home with a good juicy bit of gossip, mother would listen and then say, "Did you see it?" We'd say, "No, but we heard it on good authority." She'd again say, "Did you see it?" That's the way I feel about these reports of stars' rudeness. I've never seen one who was rude. I do feel, however, that if there are complaints, there is equal blame on both the star and the bobby-soxer.

HOLLAND: Well, then, do you feel that these boys and girls who create riots are *real fans?* And, if so, can such eccentric hero-worship be regulated?

IRENE: Those who push you can't be the real fans. That type wouldn't remain loyal to you for one minute if they found someone they liked better. They're like sheep.

MAUREEN: Those few who create the disturbances are the rabble-rousers you find in every crowd, those who use any excuse to start a fight. Real fans wouldn't think of becoming such pests.

BOB: You spoke about means of regulating this, Jack. I can only say time regulates everything in our business. I have a friend in New York, for example, who is still in pictures and doing okay. He used to be hounded constantly by autograph hunters, but now he's ignored. You can't regulate this feeling that kids have about stars. They ride the wave of popularity. Let's be glad they like us enough to want our autographs.

IRENE: But I think the situation *should* be regulated! Stars can control themselves to a degree. For one thing, they should stop patronizing hotels and restaurants that allow such lack of control from boys and girls.

SHIRLEY: I simply can't believe there's any way to control it at all.

GLENN: The stars can control it, if they want to. But a good many of them know where they'll run into the rowdy element and they deliberately seek such places out. Yet, when they're manhandled, they're the first to yell the loudest. There have always been fans, including the rough and ready type, and there always will be.

HOLLAND: Speaking of means of controlling this rowdyism, there was some talk a while back about an organized move by all actors and actresses to refuse to sign any autographs at all. What do you think of that?

GLENN: That's a lot of baloney! That's no solution.

BOB: It's ridiculous. Even if there were an order banning autographs, it wouldn't help. Don't forget the eager beavers, the young stars rising to fame. They want the thrill of being beseiged by fans. They think it's marvelous. They become hammy about it. They wouldn't abide by such an order, and neither would many other stars. All this is part of our job, so let's take a lot of vitamins and keep calm.

IRENE: I can't agree. If the Screen Actors Guild, for instance, insisted stars give no autographs that would help im-

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ANSWERS TO SCREEN TESTS ON PAGE 59

STARS IN THESE PICTURES:

1. GREAT EXPECTATIONS: Astaire, Cotten, Crain, Garson, Grant, Peters, Price, (Claude) Rains, (Ella) Raines, Reagan, Scott, Sinatra, Tone.
2. MIRACLE ON 34th STREET: Aherne, Colman, Cotten, Crain, Harrison, March, Martin, Mason, Rains, Raines, Ralston, Lorre, Scott, Smith, Sothern, Totter.
3. THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER: Aherne, Ayres, Baxter, Boyer, Brent, Chaney, Colbert, Cotten, Crosby, Day, Eythe, (Sterling) Hayden, (Richard) Haydn, Holden, Lorre, Loy, Oberon, O'Hara, Raye, Rooney, Scott, Sothern, Stone, Taylor, Tone, Tracy.
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mensely. Then the kids who are the real fans would understand and would take time to write nice letters and ask for autographs. Every star likes to receive letters and every star should comply with requests for their signature that come in the mail.

SHIRLEY: Such an order would only make people, who sincerely want an autograph and who like you, suddenly start disliking you.

IRENE: But why? Writing to a star is more personal than standing in a mob.

SHIRLEY: Not to these kids who want the so-called thrill of seeing the star sign in person.

MAUREEN: What would it gain anyone to refuse autographs?

HOLLAND: To stop us from going around and around, let's get on to something else. We've been talking about rowdies not being real fans, so do you feel bobby-soxers, as a whole, are loyal?

SHIRLEY: To answer that I can only go back to my days in school. The girls there had a new star they idolized every six months. But they weren't what you'd call loyal for long. On the other hand, there are some fans who have been writing me for years. They're certainly not fickle.

IRENE: I don't think they're loyal. But we have a good chance to see if they are or not. You know how the bobby-soxers idolized Van Johnson. Let's see now if they stick by him since his marriage, or go off to someone else?

BOB: There's no doubt bobby-soxers *think* they're loyal. At least to the same star for a good, fast three months. They may vow that a certain star will be their favorite forever and ever. But their memory is short.

MAUREEN: What's the difference whether they're loyal or not? They certainly can't make or break a star.

BOB: You'd be surprised how many of them have said to me, "Ah, we made you a star, didn't we, so don't forget it."

MAUREEN: You and I know how ridiculous that is. It's the box-office returns that come first in making a star. If the receipts on a star's pictures were nil and he got five million letters a day, he'd still not be a success. The only proof of loyalty is whether they buy a ticket. Fan mail is good only when a star is on the way up or on the way down.

BOB: I'll never believe that any bobby-soxer can make a star. That's in the lap of the gods. Stardom, as we all know, is luck, perseverance, and hard work. Nothing else can bring it about.

GLENN: Most kids are young and fickle—let's face it. But in spite of that let's also face it that when we go into the movie business we take a gamble that the public will like us. Too many stars don't appreciate the importance of fans. As for the bobby-soxers having enough power to make stars, that's something else. Maybe they helped put Frank Sinatra on top, for example. But one thing I know. Those who hang around hotels all hours of the night can't make or break any star. It's the people all over the world who pay for the tickets that are the starmakers.

HOLLAND: We'll let the bobby-soxers themselves carry on the debate on that subject. Now, let's get down to brass tacks. Let's step on somebody's shoes—and not gently. What do you think about these kids staying up all hours of the night for autographs, haunting all the hotels and restaurants just to see a star?

GLENN: Parents are responsible for letting the kids roam. I've seen as many older people hanging around, so they don't set a very good example for the young people.

IRENE: That has a familiar ring to it, Glenn. But you're right. Kids who are allowed to roam the streets at night haven't a chance in the world to be anything but morons. You see the same poor little faces standing in the rain and cold late at night. Why, there was one little girl back east who waited all day for me at my hotel. She didn't even go out to eat. By the time I arrived at my hotel, I was informed she had fainted. I was made to feel like the villain in the piece, but I didn't even know she was there. I did see her later, and she was one of the old guard, a girl I'd seen many places before. I'm not at all flattered by such attention. Another time I was in a taxi when I saw a girl running after me. She ran for five blocks and finally caught up. I told her she shouldn't have run all that way, that I'd have been glad to send her a picture and my

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autograph if she'd left a note for me at my hotel. Her reply really stunned me. She said, "Oh, that five blocks was nothing. I ran eight blocks after Mae West once." How do you fight that sort of thing?

GLENN: A star can try to help these kids. One night several teen-age girls started following me home. I tried to get away from them but couldn't. I finally stopped my car and got out to talk to them. I told them they weren't acting like ladies and that certainly no boy would ever want a girl who chased around as they were doing. They took my talk to heart and quietly went on their way.

MAUREEN: All such cases are the results of bad discipline in the home, or of no discipline at all. But you can't blame the kids. You must blame the parents. Yet, the parents today find blaming the movies an easy excuse for their own indifferent care of their children. Let these mothers and fathers take stock of themselves. Movies are way down on the list of factors that influence children. Kids can read books twice as dirty as any movie they'll ever see, and they can easily read such trash on the sly. Those who stay out late simply have the wrong parents. When I was a girl, until I was fourteen I had to be at home by six or I'd get a terrific lacing with a razor strap. That custom should be revived. And, incidentally, I think better discipline in some schools would help too.

SHIRLEY: When I've told kids they should be home in bed, they've said, "Well, you're up, aren't you?" You can't explain your case to them. But it's not only unhealthy for them to be roaming the streets, it's also dangerous with all the traffic they're in. Parents should be interested enough in their children's welfare to make them get sleep. After all, without it their schooling suffers, too. But as bad as are the cases of boys and girls staying up all hours, it's even worse when they start running off to other states, as they have done, to follow a star on tour.

BOB: Well, now we're getting all black and gloomy. Don't we forget that the good and bad will emerge from all people? Most of the kids who hang around aren't bad at all. They merely have a certain exaggerated trait that makes them do such things. It's a business with them. When I was a kid, my father used to worry about me because I had an insane passion for baseball and baseball players. I was as fanatic about them as kids today are about stars. I now realize these players were only ordinary men who were able to catch and throw a ball. I don't think that any kid who concentrates only on getting an autograph can be hurt much.

HOLLAND: We're back again on autographs, so what about the cases of kids who become insulting and rude when they're not given one? Can a star talk back to them safely?

GLENN: Certainly, we can! It's a normal, natural thing to talk back to someone who's being insulting. I say treat the kids the way you'd treat your own child if he misbehaved. Just because we're movie stars doesn't mean we haven't any feelings. In the same way, too, kids have the right to tell off a rude star.

BOB: I don't see it, Glenn. That's like trying to hold back the dawn. It does no good to talk back to a crowd. Ignore such remarks and forget them. That's my motto. Once I was in a hurry to catch a plane out of New York. I had to pass up requests for autographs. One kid called me a rather unpleasant name. All I did was swallow my pride and keep my glands under control. Why make yourself upset and angry at people who really like you? Or, rather, why not remember that you can't make friends of everyone? So what's an insult from a few?

IRENE: This reminds me of a game my daughter, Mary Frances, and I play. When she tells me of a rude remark made to her, I say, "Capital I." That means to ignore bad manners. That's what I do on such occasions. At times it's hard, though. Once I was in a car with another star. Some young kids asked me for my autograph because I was sitting closer to them. Then one of them turned to the other star and started to ask her to sign the book. At that point, one of the boys in the crowd yelled out, "Ah, don't bother her. She's a cheap skate!" That boy will never know how deeply he hurt that star, and how unjust he was. She cried for a good part of that afternoon. He should have been told off!

SHIRLEY: No star can tell any fan off. She simply has to smile at the nice ones and leave. These boys and girls would love to have you give them a dressing-down, so they could talk about you later.

MAUREEN: I believe a star has a right to berate an insulting boy or girl, but I don't think it pays for that star to be rude herself. Many a time I've told one kid off by talking to the whole crowd. I've told the others that this one boy or girl who was rude was putting the blame on each of them, and they should take care of the ill-mannered one. They do—in a hurry. A star can explain why rudeness doesn't pay. She doesn't have to be ill-mannered too.

HOLLAND: What, then, do you feel is the main trouble with bobby-soxers as fans. In what ways are they pests?

BOB: It's that they make too much of a business of collecting autographs. It's a career with them.

IRENE: Yes, and why do they want so many autographs from you—the same boys and girls over and over again?

SHIRLEY: Oh, they trade them or sell them. It's a deal like this—with some kids, two Shirley Temple autographs is equal to one Frank Sinatra.

BOB: There's a girl in New York I know who has made several scrapbooks of me. When I get in town, she'll hang around my hotel until I see her. She wants me to sign each picture in her book, and that usually means around two or three hundred. I've always signed too. What a business!

HOLLAND: Just what is your advice on how to get autographs properly?

GLENN: There's no specific way of asking for an autograph. Just act like ladies and gentlemen, that's all.

IRENE: I say don't ask for autographs in a crowd at all. Write the star a nice letter. A star values that much more. I know I do. I'd be much happier if this were the solution. At least, I'd know then the kids were home in bed. And, besides, I like to get letters from fans. I assure you that I personally sign each slip sent for an autograph and each picture. I've quite a list of steady correspondents too.

MAUREEN: My advice is to treat stars as Americans and as human beings, not as monkeys in a cage. Be polite and talk courteously to a star. And *please* consider a star's time and where she is going. Never ask for an autograph when an actor or actress is going into a radio station to do a broadcast. Boys and girls must realize that if a star is even a minute late on such occasions, it may mean she won't be ready to go on the air on time. Finally, treat people as you'd expect your mother to treat guests in your home.

SHIRLEY: I think it's a good idea for fans to line up and make the asking for autographs a nice, dignified affair. And if a star says, "I'll sign your books," then she should do just that. She should never say, "I'll sign a few," for that creates a riot. And certainly no fan should ever try to get a piece of the star's clothing as a souvenir. How would *you* like to have your clothes torn, or a piece of your hair cut off?

BOB: The one thing that annoys me is to have someone put something in front of me and say autocratically, "Sign this!" What's so hard about saying, "Please, may I have your autograph?" and then thanking the star when he gives it to you? And there's nothing wrong in telling the star you like him in pictures, if you do. But here's where a star has to be careful. Once a girl said to me, "You're my favorite, Mr. Cummings." Later on, another girl came up and I opened my big mouth with, "And am I your favorite star, too?" She said very explosively, "You are not!" So I said kiddingly, "Well, maybe I won't give you an autograph then!" To which she said, "So what!" And for my last bit of advice, don't ask a star to sign a dirty piece of paper you pick up off the street, and don't give him a leaky fountain pen to sign with. More times I've had that happen to me. For one thing, when any old thing is put before me, I know the kid has no intention of keeping the autograph. And, too, it's always my fate to be given a leaky pen when I'm all dressed up for an important engagement. Personally, I'm tired of arriving at affairs with green ink on one hand and red on another.

HOLLAND: And now comes the time for the final blow-offs. Help yourselves —the floor is yours!

MAUREEN: Older people must set better examples to children if they don't want them to become rude and ill-mannered pests. Don't forget, you adults, kids only copy what they see and hear. We, as adults, put the thoughts in their heads and we are responsible for the examples we give them.

IRENE: And you mothers, coach your children better when they approach a star. Once I was in a restaurant when a little girl came over to me, obviously because her mother had prodded her into coming to see me. She said she had been with me in "Life with Father," but I couldn't place her or the scene that she said she had worked in with me. Then the girl asked, "Are you working now?" I told her I was working in "I Remember Mama." "Have you any lines?" she then put forth. Smiling, I said I had. "Oh, that's fine," she replied. "Who's the star?" Playing along with her, I added, "Oh, that hasn't been decided yet." "Well, keep on working hard," she concluded, "and you'll be a star some day. That's what my mama says for me to do." And she went prancing back to mama. As for any serious advice, I can only add don't hang around public places. Write those letters instead.

SHIRLEY: I'd like to ask all bobby-soxers to be more careful of the times they choose to ask for autographs. Once, I went ice skating for the first time. I promptly fell down. A friend of mine came skating by and accidentally glided over my hand. I didn't feel anything since my hand was frozen by that time. As I was struggling to get up, a girl came by and said, "May I have your autograph?" I started to sign and was very surprised to see that my hand was bleeding. I told the girl, "Well, this is the first time I ever signed an autograph

GLENN: None of us has the right to complain about the treatment from fans. It's all part of our business. The rowdy fans aren't something new. They were present in the Globe Theater during Shakespeare's time. All of us are lucky to be in the position we are. Why, I remember a few years ago that for the privilege of getting a walk-on in a picture, I'd have taken all the ridicule ever heaped on all stars. I'm grateful for what I have. So I say, let's stop our griping and remember how lucky we are!

BOB: Your ideas are okay, Glenn, but I'd still like to remind the fans that a star is not their personal property. And certainly you bobby-soxers shouldn't think you've made us stars. We appreciate your interest in us, but remember we're people like you who want only consideration and courtesy from our fellow beings. Give us those things and we'll play ball with you!

HOLLAND: And that winds up the session. We'll be plowing through the heavy mail that has come in and in it we'll find our topic for next month. So, see you later. And to you readers, our grateful thanks for your fine letters. We're glad you find this series helpful.

Editor's Note

It is indeed gratifying to know that our readers have come forth with such interesting subjects for discussion. It was a difficult job for our Star Advisers to pick the most worthy from the overcrowded mail bag. But they picked a good one, don't you think? Next month's question should be even more interesting. Make it your business, now, to send in the question you personally would like to have them discuss. Send it to:

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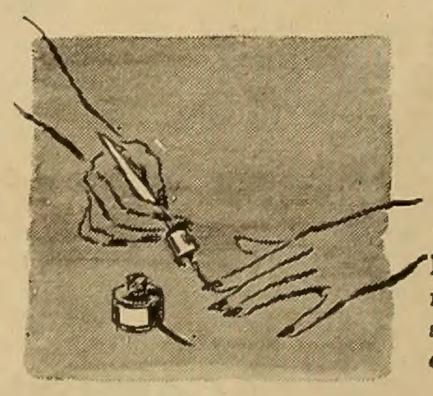

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